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IS THE PLANT A SENTIENT BEING

Recent Discoveries Have Revealed the Unity of All Life

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Do plants feel? One cannot give a direct answer to this inquiry, without being a plant. A man who loves his dog, believes that it has feelings and emotions which are almost human; but when he goes hunting, he refuses to believe that the hunted creature has any feeling when it is being done to death. Some would extend consciousness and feeling to the quadruped, but not to the fish. At what point does consciousness enter the domain of life?

The philosopher Bergson says that it is by no means assured that a highly complex brain is indispensable to consciousness. The lower we go in the animal series, the more the nervous centers are simplified and separated from each other. If, then, at the top of the scale of living beings, consciousness is attached to very complicated nervous centers, must we not suppose that it accompanies the nervous system down its whole descent?

There are various tests of conscious life: the animal answers to a shock by a twitching movement; it has a power within, which is spon-

taneous, like the automatic beats of its heart. An animal exhibits abrupt movement when it is struck; an ordinary plant apparently shows no such movement. The nerve in the animal carries an invisible impulse which causes the distant muscle to contract. Until recently no such nervous tissue had been discovered in the plant. The heart of the animal beats continuously, as long as life remains, for the maintenance of the circulation of blood. Until recently no such pulsatory tissue had been suspected for the circulation of sap in the plant. Two streams of life were thus supposed to flow side by side, with nothing in common between the two.

Is the world then a chaos where things happen by chance, or is it a cosmos in which the human mind is some day to discover a sequence of order and law? Is there any fundamental unity underlying all the seeming diversity?

How did life make its first appearance on earth? No life, as we understand it now, could have existed when the earth was a mass of molten matter. It has been suggested that

the seed of life was imported to this earth by the cosmic dust from other worlds; but this would merely transfer the difficulty backwards. Or perhaps matter itself is sensitive, so that at some critical period of the earth's history, the surrounding conditions may have favored the appearance of life out of non-life.

The results of my investigations, first announced in 1900 at the International Congress of Science in Paris, have indeed shown that all matter is sensitive, and that it answers to stimulation by definite signs of electrical response. Over-stimulation was found to cause fatigue, from which there was a recovery after a period of rest. Prolonged rest made the substance inert and irresponsive. A strong shock was needed to wake it up into readiness for response. Other experiments showed that while stimulating drugs cause an enhancement of response of inorganic matter, poisons kill it altogether.

Matter has thus within itself the promise and potency of life. With an enlarged cosmic sense, we may regard the million orbs that thread their path through space, as akin to organisms, having a definite history of their past, and an evolutionary progress for their future. We may then come to realize that they are by no means insensate clods, locked in the rigor of death, but active organisms "whose breath is perchance luminous vapor, whose blood is liquid metal and whose food is a stream of meteorites."



Before passing into the subject of the inner life of plants, I will say a few words about the Eastern method of pursuit of truth.

Nothing can be more vulgar or more untrue than the ignorant assertion that the world owes its progress of knowledge to any particular race. The whole world is interdependent, and a constant stream of thought has throughout ages enriched the common heritage of mankind. It is the realization of this mutual dependence that has kept the mighty human fabric bound together, and ensured the continuity and permanence of civilization. Although science is neither of the East nor of the West, but international in its universality, yet India by her habit of mind and inherited gifts handed down from generation to generation, is specially fitted to make great contributions in furtherance of knowledge. The burning Indian imagination, which can extort new order out of a mass of apparently contradictory facts, can also be held in check by the habit of concentration. It is this restraint which confers the power to hold the mind in pursuit of truth in infinite patience.

What of the fruit of knowledge? The material advances secured by it, have no doubt brought great accessions of power and wealth. There has been a feverish rush, even in the realm of science, for exploiting applications of knowledge, not so often for saving as for destruction. In the absence of some power of restraint, civilization is now trembling in an unstable poise on the brink of ruin. Some complementary ideal there must be to save man from that aimless rush which must end in disaster. He has followed the lure and excitement of some insatiable ambition, never pausing a moment to think of the ultimate object for which success

is to serve as a temporary incentive. He forgot that far more potent than competition, is mutual help and coöperation in the scheme of life. The ideal of giving, of self-renunciation in response to the highest call of humanity, must be the true object of knowledge. The motive power for this must be found not in personal ambition, but in the effacement of all littleness, and in the uprooting of that ignorance which is to be purchased at another's loss. This I know, that no vision of truth can come except in the absence of all sources of distraction, and when the mind has reached the point of rest.

According to the best traditions of ancient India, there can be no conflict between knowledge and religion, for the highest knowledge *is* religion. Therefore the house of knowledge is not a mere laboratory, but a temple. It was with this idea that my Research Institute was founded, where scholars devote their whole life to pursuit of knowledge for the common benefit of humanity. It was my further wish that, as far as the limited accommodation of my Institute would permit, its facilities should be open to all nationalities, to men and women alike, and for all time to come. In this I was attempting to revive the great traditions of my country, which as far back as twenty-five centuries ago, welcomed scholars from all parts of the world within the precincts of its ancient seats of learning.

Entering the Institute, the visitor finds to his left the lotus fountain with a bas-relief of a Woman Carrying Light to the Temple. Without her no light can be kindled in the sanctuary. She is the true light-

bearer, and no plaything of man. The visitor then enters the vast auditorium where the discoveries made at the Institute are announced to the world for the first time. Beyond this is the Garden, which is the true laboratory for the study of life and its marvelous manifestations. There the creepers, the plants and the trees are played upon by their natural environment—sunlight and wind and the chill at midnight, under the vault of starry space. There are other surroundings also, where they will be subjected to the chromatic action of different lights, to invisible rays and to electrically charged atmosphere.

From this lofty point of observation, sheltered by trees, the student will watch the panorama of life. Isolated from all distractions, he will learn to attune himself to nature; the obscuring veil will be lifted, and he will gradually come to see how, throughout the great ocean of life, community outweighs apparent dissimilarity. Out of discord, he will realize the great harmony.

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We hear little and see still less of the myriad movements and voices of life. But out of the imperfection of his senses, man has built himself a raft of thought to make daring adventures in the great seas of the Unknown. He is a creative being, and if his organs of perception are defective, he creates others which have no such limitations. When visible light ends, he still follows the invisible; when the note of the audible reaches the unheard, even then he gathers the tremulous message.

The real difficulty that thwarts investigation into plant life at every

step, arises from the fact that the interplay of life-action is taking place within the dark profundities of the tree which our eyes cannot penetrate. As the first step to discover the hidden mechanism in its interior, one has to become the tree, and feel the pulse-beat of its throbbing life. After this one must justify the correctness of the insight by experimental tests. For this, it was necessary to invent instruments of surpassing delicacy and sensitiveness, which could gain access to the smallest unit of life—a single cell or life-atom—and thus record its throbbing pulsation.

The invention of the microscope, which magnifies only several thousand times, initiated a new era in the advance of biological science. My Magnetic Crescograph, which produces the stupendous magnification of fifty million times, is now revealing the wonders of a new world—the plant itself being made to reveal the secrets of its inner life. Even in this path of self-restraint and verification, the inquirer is making for a region of surpassing wonder. In his voyage of discovery, he catches an occasional glimpse of the ineffable, that had hitherto been hidden from his view. That vision crushes out of him all self-sufficiency, all that kept him unconscious of the great pulse that beats through the universe. It was by the combination of the introspective and the highly advanced experimental methods that it was possible to establish the unity of all life. The barrier that divided kindred phenomena is now thrown down, the plant and animal being found as a multiple unity in a single ocean of being.

We will now try to discover whether the ordinary plants are as inert and insensitive as they are supposed to be. The plant when struck does not show any movement, but this absence of movement is due to a quite different cause from that of insensitiveness.

The living tissue is attached to wood, which is inflexible. To find out whether the plant perceives and reacts to a shock, the stem is placed between a fixed rod and a movable magnifying lever, the movement of which is further magnified by optical means to something like a million times. The experiment described was carried out before a group of world-famous scientists of the University of Vienna. A very feeble electric shock was sent through the plant, and through one of the leading physicians who was in the same circuit. The human being felt nothing, but the Contraction Recorder showed that the plant gave a shuddering twitch under the shock. Ordinary plants are not only sensitive, but they are able to register impressions which are far below the range of human perception. How blind we are, how limited our knowledge! The little we can see is nothing, compared with the vastness we cannot.

What happens when the shock is no longer feeble, but terrible in its intensity?

The plant was strapped in the electric chair, with moist sponge to facilitate the passage of the current. The plant became quiescent after a while, as indicated by the stationary line of bright light reflected from the magnifying recorder. By switching a key, a high voltage current drones like thunder through the machine.

This produces a convulsion in the plant, the line of light being jerked violently to the left—it is not dead as yet. There is once more the growl of the destroyer, followed by another convulsion, the line of light having gone right round toward that from which there is to be no recovery. The plant is probed again. It answers no more, being stilled with the stillness of death.

In simple vegetable life, where lies the plant-psyche, the faint copy of our consciousness? I have been able to discover a nervous structure in plants, the characteristic reactions of which are likely to lead to a better understanding of our own psychic life. The characteristic of nervous structure is that an invisible impulse is sent along it to produce movement at a distance, or give rise to sensation at the perceiving brain. In the *Mimosa pudica*, when we apply a pinch on a leaflet, something invisible travels along the leafstalk and reaching its sensitive leaf-joint, causes contraction and gives rise to the sudden fall of the leaf. It has been wrongly thought that this impulse is not nervous but hydro-mechanical, like the movement of water in a pipe. I have, however, proved the erroneousness of this view by various critical tests.

For example, the movement of water in a pipe will not be affected by application of cold outside. But when the conductive tissue or nerve is cooled, the impulse in the *Mimosa* becomes slowed down, and finally arrested. The pipe will not lose consciousness and stop the flow of water if it be chloroformed, nor will its conducting power be abolished by

applying round it a bandage soaked in poison. But under similar treatment the impulse in *Mimosa* becomes arrested or abolished. I have finally been able to localize the nervous strand in the interior of the plant, by means of the Electric Probe which picked up the nervous message that was being transmitted along it.

The following observations as regards the growth or degeneration of nervous activity through use and disuse are highly suggestive. A plant carefully protected under glass looks sleek and flourishing, yet in reality is flabby and decadent. Anatomically, the nervous tissue is present, but from want of use it is functionally inactive.

It is very interesting to watch, in a plant in this condition, the growth of nervous power under the influence of stimulating blows. There is at first no transmission, but after a time the nervous impulse begins to be transmitted; continued stimulation enhances nervous power to a maximum. Here we have displayed before us the modification of the organism by its environment—the creation of the organ by the cumulative effect of stimulation. With us, too, it is not cotton-wool protection but shock of adversity that evolves true manhood. The nerve unstimulated lies inert; it becomes energized only by the action of stimulus. Every moment of our present is enriched by the store of latent memories, which is nothing but the imprint of previous stimulation that we call experience. Stimulation by thought increases our power of thought, and it is by accumulation of stimuli that nervous matter ultimately becomes

automatic—a phase which is seen in many steps from the birth of thought to inspiration.

Perhaps the most unexpected mechanism in the plant which I have been able to discover, is that for the coördination of various organs for the advantage of the plant as a whole. Different groups of living cells have thus taken upon themselves specific duties, certain peripheral organs being specialized for perception of external changes which may be either beneficial or inimical to life. A mere perception would be of little use, unless a message is sent, and effective action taken without the least delay. I find that an incoming or sensory impulse is actually sent to certain centers in the interior which may be regarded as executive in their function. The most astonishing thing now occurs in response to the message. The energy that had been conserved, is now discharged with almost explosive intensity and rapidity. An outgoing or motor impulse is thus generated for the readjustment of the outlying organs to meet the crisis. There must always be a ceaseless alertness and immediate action in response, for the general good; for any disharmony means the destruction of the commonwealth. An example of this will suffice.

Mimosa pudica is a weed which covers large areas of ground in the tropics. The procumbent stems bear numerous leaves, so that the entire tract appears a mass of vivid green. The danger which threatens the life of the plant is from grazing cattle, the attack of which is followed by the sudden fall of the leaves. It has been suggested that the movement of the leaves serves the purpose of

scaring the cattle, though they are already accustomed to the swaying branches of trees. Moreover, the cow is not sufficiently intelligent to notice the slight movement of the leaf of *Mimosa*, nor would it be frightened by it. The nervous reflex, however, subserves the protection of the plant in a different way. When one of the leaflets is trampled on or bitten, the excitatory impulse is immediately transmitted throughout the length of the plant. In regard to the behavior of a particular leaf, the sensory impulse causes it to fall so that it presses against the ground. The reflexes at the center give rise to motor impulses which cause upward closure of all the leaflets. Nothing could be more striking than the rapid change, by which large patches of vivid green become transformed into thin lines of dull gray, unnoticeable against the dull background of the soil. The plant escapes danger by making itself invisible.

A continuity is thus established between the simplest and most complex type of life, an evolution from rudimentary beings toward perfection. There can be no humiliation in our kinship with the lowest of the low. Rather is it a matter of pride for man to have risen through ceaseless efforts from a mass of formless jelly to his present state. In this ascent, the most important factor has been the ever growing elaboration of the nervous function. And man by opening himself at will to new areas of stimulation, is thereby determining his own higher evolution.



It is one of the greatest of mysteries how we are brought into con-

tact with the external world; how blows from without are felt within. Our sense-organs are like so many antennæ, radiating in various directions and picking up messages of many kinds; these bear moreover a certain potentiality to induce in us a sensation which may either be agreeable or disagreeable. The quality of the sensation is often affected by the intensity of the impinging stimulus. It is well known that while a gentle touch or moderate stimulus of light, heat or sound, may produce a sensation which may be described as pleasant, an intense stimulus of the same nature causes a sensation which is extremely unpleasant or even painful.

The intensity of the impulse that reaches the central organ depends on two factors: the strength of the external stimulus, and the condition of the conductor that transmits the impulse. Under normal conditions, extremely weak stimulation gives rise to an impulse which is so feeble that it cannot be transmitted, and therefore remains below the threshold of perception. Moderate stimulation gives rise to sensation not unpleasant; very strong stimulation, on the other hand, causes an intense reaction of a painful character.

Our sensation is thus colored by the intensity of the nervous excitation that reaches the perceptive organ. We are subject to human limitations through the imperfection of our senses on the one hand, and our over-sensibility on the other. There are happenings which elude us because the stimulus is too feeble to waken our senses; the external shock may, however, be so intense as to fill our life with pain.

Since we have little power to alter the external world, is it possible to control the nervous impulse itself so that it shall be exalted in one case and inhibited or obliterated in the other? Does science hold out the hope of any such possibility? This question is plainly fraught with high significance.

There is much resemblance between the conduction of electric impulse by a metallic wire and of excitatory impulse by a nerve. In the metal, the power of conduction is constant, and the intensity of electric impulse simply depends on the intensity of the electric force that is applied. If the conducting power of the nerve were constant, then the intensity of the nervous impulse and the resulting sensation would entirely depend on the intensity of the impinging impulse. In that case, modification of sensation would be an impossibility. But there may be a likelihood that the power of conduction possessed by a nerve is not constant, but capable of change, so that the facility for the passage of the impulse may be either decreased or increased. Should this surmise prove correct, then we arrive at the momentous conclusion that sensation itself is modifiable, whatever be the external stimulus.

The thrill produced by stimulation of the receptive outer end of the nerve, is sent inward from point to point of the conducting thread, as a molecular disturbance. An acceleration or inhibition of impulse will evidently be produced by two opposite molecular dispositions. The molecules may be visualized as a row of standing books. A certain intensity of blow applied, say to the book

on the extreme right, causes it to fall to the left, hitting its neighbor and making the other books topple over in succession. If the books had previously been tilted slightly to the left, a disposition would have been given to them which would bring about an upset under a feebler blow and accelerate the speed of the impulse. A tilt in the opposite direction would, on the other hand, be a predisposition to retard or inhibit the impulse.

Is it at all possible to induce opposite molecular dispositions in the nerve, so that in the one case a subliminal stimulus will be effectively transmitted and brought into sensory prominence; and an intense wave due to a violent stimulus may be inhibited during transit and thus become obliterated?

For this, the molecules of the nerve have to be coerced at one's bidding, into arranging themselves favorably or unfavorably for the passage of impulse. This was effected by electric coercion. The results obtained are of great interest; by conferring on the nerve a favorable molecular disposition, a feeble stimulus previously below the threshold of perception, now produced an extraordinarily large response. Conversely, an intense excitation generated by a violent stimulus was arrested during transit by the induction of an opposite molecular disposition of the nervous tissue. Thus under a particular molecular disposition of the nerve, the experimental frog responded to stimulation which had hitherto been below its threshold of perception. Under the opposite disposition the violent spasm of intense irritation caused by application of

salt, was at once quelled as if by magic.

The foregoing experiments have demonstrated that two opposite molecular dispositions can be electrically induced in a nerve, accelerating or inhibiting the passage of the impulse. The question naturally arises whether or not the action of the will upon the nerves of the body may not be of a similar nature.

Now, full scientific attention has not been given to the power of our will in controlling all bodily functions. Very few have realized how great becomes the power of will intensified by practice and concentration. There can be no doubt of the predispositions which can be conferred on the nerve by internal power of will in facilitating or inhibiting the nervous impulse. The effect of attention or expectation in enhancing perception is familiar, as also the power of suggestion.

In the determination of sensations, then, the internal stimulus of the will may play as important a part as the shock from outside. And thus, through the inner control of the nerve, the character of the resulting sensation may become profoundly modified. The external, then, is not so overwhelmingly dominant, and man is no longer a passive agent in the hands of destiny. He has a latent power which will raise him above the terrors of his inimical surroundings. It rests with him whether the channels through which the outside world reaches him should at his command be widened or closed. It should thus be possible for him to catch those indistinct messages which have hitherto passed by him unperceived; or he may withdraw within himself, so

that in his inner realm the jarring notes and the din of the world no longer affect him.



From the plant to the animal, then, we follow the long stairway of the Ascent of Life. In the spiritual triumph of the martyr who willingly sacrifices his life for the cause of humanity, we see the higher and higher expression of that evolutionary process by which life rises above and beyond all the circumstances of the environment, and fortifies itself to control them.

The thrill in matter, the throb in life, the pulse of growth, the impulse coursing through the nerve and the resulting sensation—how diverse are all these, and yet how unified. How strange it is that the tremor of excitation in nervous matter should be not merely transmitted but transmuted and reflected like the image on a mirror, from a different plane of life, in sensation and in affection, in thought and in emotion. Of these

which is the more real, the material body, or the image that is independent of it? Which of these is undecaying, and which is beyond the reach of death?

It was a woman in the Vedic time who when asked to take her choice of the wealth that would be hers for the asking, inquired whether that would win for her deathlessness. Many a nation has risen in the past, and won the empire of the world. A few buried fragments are all that remain as memorials of the great dynasties that wielded temporal power. There is, however, another element which finds its incarnation in matter, yet transcends its transmutation and apparent destruction. That is, the burning flame of thought, which has been handed down through fleeting generations.

Not in matter but in thought, not in possession, not even in attainments, but in ideals is to be found the seed of immortality.

BROTHER TO SHYLOCK

The Quaint History of an Old and Honorable Profession

AVERY STRAKOSCH

THERE were four of us, three writers and a painter. All evening we had discussed various ways of making money, both stodgy and exciting. Each of us had been on his uppers at one time or another, and L——, the painter, listened silently for a long time as we recalled the hundreds of manuscripts that had returned to us like so many homing pigeons.

We wondered as we looked back, why we should always have a sense of satisfaction in the thought we were "creative artists," even when the bank account paled, sank low and finally died. Some one, I think it was T——, who writes about wild animals very successfully, said he believed struggling painters had it all over struggling writers. A painter could always pawn a picture, even if it were a poor one. But no pawnbroker in the world would advance five cents on a rejected manuscript.

That, I think, is how we began to discuss pawnbrokers.

L——, in whose beautiful studio we dined, had been silent most of the time. Now he laughed and said he believed he knew more about pawnbrokers than any one else in the world. If he gave up painting, he said, he might become a champion, a crusader for Brokers of Pawn.

This is the story he told us:

I have pawned everything I own, at one time or another. Jewelry, clothes, fishing-tackle, cameras, canvases—everything except my paint-box, palette and brushes. I've tried to raise money on those, but I've never been able to find a pawnbroker thoughtless enough to take away my means of livelihood. I've known lots of them in every section of New York City, because I've lived all over the place. Harlem, the lower East Side, the Chelsea district and of course, Greenwich Village. First I went to them because I needed money, and later because I found the contents of their shops more fascinating than any gilded emporium on Fifth Avenue. You can always discover some one thing in a pawnshop that you've wanted to own, all your life, you know.

At times I grew quite chummy with several: knew their kids, met the missus, ate an occasional Wiener schnitzel in the room behind the shop. And do you know what I discovered? They all hated being pawnbrokers! There wasn't one of them who would have stayed in the business if he had known how to do anything else that would have brought him the same income. As the pawnbrokerage business is almost always in-

herited it's hard to get away from it. It goes from father to son, and more often from uncle to nephew—that's where the pawnbroker got his title, "Uncle." It seems that most of the pawnbrokers in New York are related either by blood or marriage.

At one time I lived on West Fourth Street, a most convenient distance from the pawnshops on lower Eighth Avenue. I had been there a short time when one day I noticed with amusement a large sign that crowned a tumble-down brick building.

"When in Need," it urged with extraordinary appeal, "Call on Uncle Moe!"

Needless to say, I promptly turned my footsteps toward Uncle Moe's.

The first time I saw him, he sat behind his counter quietly reading a book. A stooped old man with a fan-shaped beard of silver, and a black skullcap that made him seem older than he was. His eyes, reluctant to leave the page before him, met mine wearily. They gazed down a long aquiline nose and behind their weariness I imagined the wisdom of all ages—tolerance, cynicism. No, he didn't wear the traditional greasy vest—few of them do—neither was there that aggressive gesture of prejudice for the watch I laid on the counter, that sometimes greets you in a pawnshop.

I must have stared at him for a long time for I remember feeling suddenly embarrassed. Uncle Moe, through some alchemy of personality had transferred me, so it seemed, to the Middle Ages. I saw him in a voluminous fourteenth century gabardine, and when I placed my poor trash on his counter I imagined him

bending over the crown jewels of an Isabella. Perhaps the shade of Cristoforo Colombo was at my side!

Young, impressionable, I believed if I could get this old fellow to pose for me my fortune would be made. That scholarly face, that mouth with its full lower lip and narrow upper one. My portrait of him would hang in the museum, I felt sure, a challenge to all the Old Masters!

So I tried to make friends with Uncle Moe. I talked of his business. His replies were short. I looked over his stock, asking the price of a brass Buddha here, a gold necklace there. I was treated austere, if not contemptuously. This happened every time I went to this particular Temple of Unredemption. How dared he lure a poor young artist with that warm sign of sympathy when he, the keeper, remained so aloof? Then one day he told me I was a curious young jackdaw, and laughed. I felt squelched, put in my place. The masterpiece of my imagination faded away. I feared I could never get close enough to Uncle Moe to ask him to sit for me!

After a while I moved away from that neighborhood. A few years later, for old times' sake, I walked through Fourth Street one day, looked at the place where once I had been young, gay and starving. I went on to Eighth Avenue. Imagine my surprise to see no sign rearing itself above the traffic, no three swaying balls of gold—those symbols of Faith, Hope and Charity—no building at all. Nothing but the open tunnel for a new subway.

I accosted the policeman at Fourteenth Street.

"What has happened to the pawnbroker there?" I pointed to what was now a deep hole in the earth.

"You mean Uncle Moe?"

"The very same!"

"Oh, he made his million. He's livin' on his income somewhere abroad." He blew his whistle, there was a stampede of traffic. I felt I had lost something I could never recover.

Last spring after completing a commission in Nice, I made a walking tour along the Riviera. You probably know San Remo, an enchanting old town just over the Italian border. It was my first visit there. Fascinated, I explored the place for days. I wandered undisturbed up and down its ancient hill-sides, accompanied by a dark youth who considered it a privilege to carry my easel, camp-chair and paint-box.

One afternoon as the sun was setting, I came back from a long walk in the country. I had often noticed a small coral-colored villa that topped one of the hills on the edge of the town. This afternoon I stopped enchanted, as the aureate light reflected itself in the glass of the long, narrow windows. For a few moments it was not a house but a giant pigeon-blood ruby. As we approached, the view suddenly changed, clouds covered the sun, and the little villa, against a Maxfield Parrish sky, became a diminutive castle in pastels. It was like a quickly shifted stage-setting, designed by some extraordinary craftsman. Imagine my surprise, if you can, when a door in this little castle opened and a man with a silver, fan-shaped beard appeared on the terrace!

The far-away echo of heavy traffic on Eighth Avenue came to my ears.

I closed my eyes and saw an alluring sign which began, "When in Need—"

"Whose villa is that, Giacomo?"

I asked my boy.

"The coral one? It belongs to a rich American, signore."

"Do you know him?"

"Ha! Every one in San Remo knows the patriarch!"

"But do you know his name? Listen, Giacomo, could it be Uncle Moe?"

"Oh, no, signore. He is no one's uncle! His name is Moses Baumgarten!"



The next morning I climbed alone the winding road that led to the coral villa. If this Baumgarten person were really Uncle Moe, I had made up my mind to get him, this time, to sit for me. In my thoughts I again saw him in a gabardine, the secret aid of kings! I knocked on the thick oak door which to my surprise opened instantly. I was face to face with Uncle Moe!

He looked at me for a moment before he recognized me.

"Can't I get away from my past?" he growled. Nevertheless I noticed that his eyes had lost their weary, resigned expression. They twinkled now. He seemed actually pleased to see me, as he beckoned and I followed through the door, across a hall and out another opening into a walled garden thick with Alpine roses. He arranged two chairs before a low rustic table, then called to his servant for a bottle of *Lacrime Cristi*.

"Now," he said politely, "tell me what brings you to this little place?"

"When in Need," I quoted flipantly, "Call on Uncle Moe!"

I soon discovered that the master of Coral Villa had no desire to listen. His wife, a son and a daughter, were away on a holiday, and he had been alone for several months. He wanted to do the talking, and he wanted to talk especially about himself.

"I suppose," he began with a chuckle, "you are wondering why I live here so far away from all my customers!" He stopped to make a wry face. "You must never divulge my secret in San Remo, that I was once a pawnbroker! Not that I am ashamed of the profession as it is. It is what it always *seems* to be that made me close shop. It is an honorable business, but alas, it will always have a dishonorable name!

"I have known many pawnbrokers who were fine men. There was my grandfather and my father—both honest to a fault. I, myself? I have never dealt hard with the poor or the improvident. My career, as far as honor goes, is an open book! And yet—well, my own children have no idea their father was a pawnbroker! For years, on the side, I traded in real estate—and as far as they know, my father and grandfather did likewise. I wouldn't have them know the truth. I sent them abroad to school. I refused to see them become social pariahs!

"Do you know anything about the business—how it started?" Uncle Moe refilled my glass and his. "Here in Italy, in Perugia, two Franciscan monks were the first to start the modern pawnshop. They believed the poor needed material help first and spiritual comfort afterward. Penniless, these two begged money until they had enough to open what they called a lending house.

"You can imagine what happened! Human nature was the same four hundred years ago as to-day! All the grateful borrowers flocked to them, arranged their journeys to Paradise through the Franciscan order! Imagine too, their competitors for souls, the Dominicans. Furious, enraged, at what the Franciscans had put over on them! What a picture! Can't you see it? One order considering the pawnshop a device of the devil, while the other gave it full benefit of clergy! At the same time there was Savonarola praying his head off in Florence, and finally realizing that the pawnshop had come to stay. What a painting that would make, my boy! Savonarola, himself opening the first Florentine pawnshop, surrounded by Dominican brothers, horror-stricken at the proceedings! And best of all the Pope in Rome, an extravagant old fellow, agreeing to it all. What a borrower *he* was! Nothing of value remained stationary in the Vatican in his day. Papal plate, furniture and jewels, anything he could raise money on—there is even a record of his pawning statues of the Twelve Apostles!"

"But I thought," I interrupted, "that—?"

"You thought my people originated the business, I suppose? No. But the Jews were as bad as the Christians! Many of them were usurers. People tried to borrow first at the pawnshop because the interest rates were low, but if their collateral was insufficient, they had to go to the usurer. There, after they had mortgaged their souls, more or less, they got the money they wanted. You can understand how easy it was for the public to associate the pawnbroker

and the usurer. We became related. If not a Shylock himself, at least a brother to Shylock!

"Few persons realize that a pawnbroker, more than any other person, has to live by the letter of the law. In New York, or in any other American city, before a pawnbroker can get a license, he must furnish the best character references. He must also be a man of established means, for he has to pay a high price for his license, and post a bond of at least ten thousand dollars. He must always have several hundred thousand dollars cash at his disposal so he can lend large or small amounts at a moment's notice.

"There are many fallacies concerning the pawnbroker. Professional money-lending has often bred abuse and tyranny. That's why there are laws made to govern it! And most people like to believe the pawnbroker makes his money squeezing the poor, or at least that he deals so closely with them they are afraid to demand their rights. Before the war, and especially before prohibition most of our steady customers were among the poor. Those were the days when you could tell it was Monday without looking at the calendar.

"I can remember when I was a child, the fear I had of the regiments of roistering Irish, soaked in whisky, who crashed my father's pawnshop at the beginning of the week, begging loans on anything that was portable. Saturday, pay day, they returned for their belongings. This performance was repeated week in, week out. They knew they were borrowing at the rate of three per cent a week. But they wouldn't have believed you if you had pointed out they were pay-

ing at the rate of twelve to fourteen per cent a month, or over one hundred and fifty per cent a year! And if you had refused them money your shop would have been wrecked before your eyes."

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"I am against prohibition," continued Uncle Moe, proving it emphatically by calling to his servant for another bottle of *Lacrime Cristi*, "but I'm glad it did away with the men and women who would have taken the clothes from their children's backs if they could have found a pawnbroker heartless enough to lend to them on such collateral.

"And who will ever forget the panic of 1894! Thousands out of work and hungry. What a friendly place the pawnshop grew to be then. We often advanced money on utterly worthless things so the people could buy food. We nearly killed ourselves working on double shift, to keep open day and night.

"Any other business would have received some sort of recognition under these extraordinary circumstances. But the pawnbroker? He was only accused of milking the poor! What happened? A smug group of wealthy so-called philanthropists sprang up. They formed—with a neat profit in mind—what they announced as a remedial society. They would lend to the poor, too. And where we were legally permitted three per cent on loans under one hundred dollars, and two per cent on higher sums, they charged only one per cent. They obtained a special charter from the New York Legislature and established themselves under both banking and pawnbroking laws. But I must admit, that here

for the first time, the pawnbroker put on a cloak of dignity. Their shops weren't like ours, overflowing with picturesque, worthless articles, anything from ruby encrusted sharks' teeth to gold mounted accordions. Oh, no. The conservative pawnshop was housed in a building especially designed, a building the most fastidious might mistake for a bank! Marble floors and walls, ceilings stippled with gold, clerks like bank-tellers!

"Yet this didn't bother us. We were like the Franciscans. We already had our followers. Two decades went by before an entirely unlooked for set of circumstances affected our business. War, prohibition and fake jewelry. These were the blows that killed 'uncle'!

"The war developed all those slogans about saving. You remember? And entreaties to buy Liberty Bonds on the installment plan. People who had never saved, suddenly began. Saving became a fetish. They kept away from the pawnshop. It was no longer necessary.

"On the other hand, the war brought us new customers. Middle-class business men who went overseas with the premonition they wouldn't return. Before they left they pawned everything they had. Thousands didn't come back, and the pawnbroker lost both his loan and interest. Of course, he could sell all unredeemed things at public auction at the end of thirteen months—the legal period that pledges must be held—but one very seldom breaks even on such forced sales.

"The final blow came when the French dressmakers decreed that women should pay large sums for

imitation jewels that are worth less than their settings.

"Yet, there will always be a certain class of persons who invest in the safest of all collateral—diamonds.

"You see, there is an irresistible lure about diamonds. Every one feels it at one time or another. The smart society woman, down to the bootlegger and the temporarily successful gambler. These people are always investing in 'white stones' when they have the money. Diamonds are eloquent, they advertise prosperity, they tell the crowd that everything is quite O. K., and they are the best portable security in the world, quickly negotiable from Cape Town to Shanghai.

"The big diamond owners are in a class by themselves. They are the secret borrowers. A rich woman will seldom admit to her banker that she is so hard up for cash she needs to borrow on her jewelry. She'd rather go to a pawnshop where she is not known, where no questions are asked, except in an unusual case, that is, if her jewels happen to be of extraordinary value.

"A prominent woman once brought me a long necklace of blue-white, square-cut diamonds. I loaned her \$56,000 on it. She confided to me that she was borrowing this money to help her husband, whose reputation would have been endangered, his business lost, if his associates had known his financial embarrassment.

"Clothes used to be a favorite pledge. Not much money but quick. Men brought their evening clothes first, then extra suits and finally their overcoats. They didn't leave them longer than necessary, except winter overcoats if it happened to be sum-

mer. It's always been considered rather clever to store a fur coat in a pawnshop for about fifty cents a month or a little over three dollars, counting interest and insurance, for the season. I think you'd be surprised at the well-known names on many a pawnbroker's book of records, after which is marked 'fur coat.' There is very little money in this for the pawnbroker and to-day many of them refuse to take clothes. In fact most pawnbrokers prefer jewelry as collateral. Emeralds are good, sapphires and rubies too, as well as pearls, but their value goes up and down. It is the diamond borrower who will eventually, I should say within ten years, change the pawnbroker into a jeweler.

"So always buy the best diamonds, my boy," Uncle Moe counselled me confidentially, "for you never know when they will come in very handy."



A soft breeze blew up from the Mediterranean. The sun caught Uncle Moe's long beard and studded it brilliantly. It was time to make my request, I thought. I thanked him for his advice on diamonds, and then hesitated.

"Uncle Moe," I began.

"I know," he interrupted, "you think I've painted the pawnbroker an angel about to fly to heaven—eh? Well, if he is, it's very often because he has to be. Pawnbrokers have less chance to be dishonest than other men. They are all under municipal supervision. They are under oath to make a written report, on special cards furnished by the police, of every loan they make. These they have to send to the Police Depart-

ment each day. Did you know there is even a special group of policemen called the Pawnshop Squad? Each member has a certain district to cover. He arrives when least expected, checks up the pawnbroker's books and looks over every item he has taken in.

"When something is reported missing to Headquarters it is the pawnbroker who is given a detailed description of the article, who is told first, long before the newspapers know about it. The police have to have confidence in pawnbrokers. They depend upon them to help locate lost or stolen property to the tune, in large cities, of about two hundred thousand dollars a year.

"There are over five thousand watches and six thousand pieces of jewelry pawned every day of the week in New York City! In the business districts, in the neighborhood of Wall Street and Times Square the average daily loans in each shop are between fifteen and sixteen thousand dollars.

"There are one hundred and ninety-nine registered pawnbrokers in New York, but the number is growing less each year. You see the game is no longer worth the name!

"There are a few who have been foolish enough to deal in what the police call 'hot stuff'—stolen goods.

"There was, for instance, R—and his son. They were rated millionaires, and yet they were fools enough to fall for what they thought would be a little easy money! A colored girl came to their shop in Harlem, first with several rings, and later a necklace and a number of diamond brooches. In all, about ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. The

R——s realized the goods were stolen. They looked wise, proceeded to take advantage of her guilt and gave her very small loans for her trouble. The next haul she made she did not take to the R——s. She wanted more money than they would give her. But while she was considering what to do, she could not resist wearing the jewelry. A colored policeman stopped her as she glittered along the street and asked for the history of her various adornments. She finally confessed and still incensed at the way the R——s had treated her, quickly took the policeman to their shop. Both R—— and his son denied ever seeing the girl, but a search of the premises was made and the jewelry found. The R——s had been faking their reports. They had given the girl no receipt, or pawn-ticket, and on their police cards they had described the pieces as a few inexpensive odds and ends. The evidence was strongly against them, and it cost old man R—— about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in lawyers' fees to keep out of jail. But his son went to Sing Sing for a year and of course their licenses were revoked. The case was naturally played up in all the newspapers, and society had good reason to brand the business once again.

"I remember a nervous-looking man, who came to me one day with a wonderful necklace. Pearls, large,

matched, rose-colored. He wanted to pledge them for one hundred thousand dollars! An enormous loan, but they were worth it several times over. I asked him for their history—where did he get them? He gave me a cock-and-bull story, and I knew in a moment they were 'hot stuff.' There was only one course to take. I called the police.

"Now if the public had known I was offered those pearls I would have been branded immediately. Uncle Moe, the charlatan, would have been a receiver of stolen goods! The fact that I did the honest thing would not count, for wasn't I a pawnbroker?"

The wind came stronger from the sea. It grew chilly. Uncle Moe, in a bastard Italian called for a wrap. The servant appeared with a swirling cape and placed it over his shoulders. The gabardine, the gabardine! Uncle Moe sat lost in thought, the old Eighth Avenue look of weariness had returned to his eyes. My fingers ached for a drawing pencil!

We were leaving L——'s studio now. In the dimly lighted hallway I caught my coat on something sharp. A loose nail projected from a flat crate against the wall.

"Sorry," called L——. "My picture of Uncle Moe. You can see him in a week or two. I've sold him to the Museum."

THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDIN'

A Tumbleweed Valley Tale

WILLIAM M. JOHN

"YOUR remarks are interestin'," Uncle Asy Mulberry said. "Here I've been readin' stories in magazines, off and on, ever since me and Ma got a year's subscription to 'Godey's Lady's Book' give to us for a weddin' present, and I ain't never suspected once how I was bein' fooled.

"You say all you fellers who write ever aim to do is to furnish the skeleton, and the reader's supposed to apply the flesh. I'll swan, if I was a few years younger, I think I'd quit the garage business and take up writin'; it must be about the easiest trade in the world to learn.

"The doin's of Lee Gregory and his wife, for instance, would of made one of the grandest skeletons to build to that I've ever run across. The reader could of put on here and took off there, till his imagination was weaker than a range cow in the spring, and then I doubt if he'd of known just how the thing ought to turn out. I might call it 'Dolores Alsworth's Skeleton,' if I wanted the reader to be interested right off."

"I am ready to start applying, Uncle Asy," I said. And this is the skeleton Uncle Asa built.



Well, sir, to begin with, if you're goin' to get anything at all out of

Gregory's story, you've got to bear in mind two facts: first, that sometimes you can figure out what a man's next move will be, but never a woman's; and second, that there are women who love with a love that passeth understandin', for sure.

The Gregorys come to Dawson about the time me and Ma set up in the feed and livery business here in Hopeville. He was a lawyer, and a good one. A tall slim man about forty, I reckon, but didn't look it by ten years; had brown eyes that the consumption kept a little too bright. Lee come to Colorado on account of the consumption.

Money wasn't over-plentiful with us in them days, so I drove into Dawson and peddled the butter Ma made from the two cows we was milkin', and the Gregorys was my best customers. I generally landed at their place about noon, and, unless I lied and told Mrs. Gregory I'd had dinner, she'd always make me come in and eat with them. It was more than a year, before I could of told you that her eyes was blue and her hair blacker than a magpie's head; for she was the kind of a woman who never seemed to get out of her husband's shadow, if you get what I mean.

She did everythin' but draw Lee's

breath for him when he was 'round the house. If she wasn't bathin' his face to cool the fever, she'd be shinin' his shoes; and if she wasn't worryin' about the weight of his flannels, she'd be frettin' because the butcher had sent round steak when he knew Lee liked T bone.

Gregory would laugh and pat her hand. "You know, Asy," he'd say, "if it wasn't for Melissa, I expect I'd of been a dead man a long time ago." He seemed satisfied to let her do all the worryin' about his health.

One Saturday, Mrs. Gregory was all upset. She asked me if I wouldn't please come in and have dinner with 'em. "Mr. Mulberry," she whispered, puttin' down the dish of potatoes she was carryin' into the dinin'-room and layin' her hand on my arm, "Lee had a bad hemorrhage yesterday. If he don't get out of that office, he'll die. Won't you help me persuade him to go to the country to live?"

I nodded and went on in with her. "How you feelin', Mr. Gregory?" I says.

"Well, Asy," he says, "Melissa's been doin' quite a bit of worryin' over my general condition, the past week."

"If he'd only give up the law for a few years and live outdoors, he'd get well in no time," Mrs. Gregory says, a nervous twitch bendin' down the corners of her mouth.

"Why don't you?" I says. "Noad Minor's dead anxious to sell. His land's right in Hopeville, you might say. You and Mrs. Gregory could be comfortable there."

Gregory frowned. "I don't like the country," he says. "I'd be no good on a farm. The law's my pro-

fession, and I might as well be dead as to be out of it."

The tears started to Mrs. Gregory's eyes, and she dropped her head and begun fiddlin' with the food in her plate.

We didn't say anythin' more about it then, but on a Saturday, three weeks later, a hired girl come to the door and said Mr. Gregory wanted to know if I'd come in a few minutes.

Lee was settin' at the table with his hand over his face as if he was tryin' to keep the spots on the tablecloth from starin' at him. "Set down, Asy," he says.

"Where's Mrs. Gregory?" I asked.

"Sick in bed," he says. "Been sick ever since Sunday. The doctor thinks it's tuberculosis, and I'm afraid she's contracted it from me."

"Can't the doctor do anythin'?" I says.

"That's what I want to talk to you about," he says. "The only thing the doctor can suggest is for her to be out in the sunshine a lot; he thinks there's a chance for her to get well if we'd move to the country where she wouldn't be so cooped up. It may be what they call the quick consumption, so there's no time to lose. Is the Minor place still for sale?"

"It is," I says, "unless it's been sold since I started up here this mornin'."

Gregory drew a long breath, as if he was havin' to force the words out. "Then if you'll meet the nine o'clock train to-morrow with a rig, I'll drive out and look at it."



The Gregorys had been livin' on the Minor place three months or more, before Dolores Alsworth drifted across Lee's path, so to speak.

In all my seventy-eight years, I ain't never seen anythin' change a man as quick and as much, as givin' up the law and movin' to the country did Gregory. He didn't get exactly sullen, any more than a house where nobody's livin' is sullen, but when he looked at you, it was as if the windows in an empty house was starin' out at you.

Lee was right when he said he'd be no good on a farm. He took hold of the wrong end of everything, and when he wasn't doin' any actual work, he'd drift back and forth across the place, like a tumbleweed whipped by a March wind.

Accordin' to Ma, there wasn't any time I could call spare, so long as we still owed on the barn, but I used to sneak off pretty regular and go up to Gregory's, just to see if I could straighten things out a bit. Mrs. Gregory stayed in bed most of the time, and I'd sit and visit with her some, when Lee wasn't 'round.

"I think Lee's lookin' better," she says, one day.

"I know he is," I says.

"Oh, I'm so glad you think so, Mr. Mulberry," she says. "Lee hardly ever comes in to a meal without askin' how I'm feelin'. If I say I'm a little better, he begins to plan on movin' back to Dawson, right away—if I can only keep from gettin' well too fast!" she tacked on with a smile I couldn't altogether figure out.

But I started to tell you about Dolores Alsworth. Me and Gregory was settin' on the ditch bank one mornin', and he was tellin' me some of the fine points of the law he'd used in winnin' the case against the railroad for Sam Taylor.

"It looked like they had the jury—" he was sayin', when I heard somebody call, "Meester Mulberry," and turnin' 'round, I saw Dolores Alsworth had stopped her rig in the road, about a hundred feet from where we was.

I glanced 'round quick to see that nobody but Lee was present—that's an instinct every man's born with, I reckon, when a woman like Dolores Alsworth happens along. I could of put all the good I knew about Dolores in three words: she was pretty. She always made me think of the pussy-willow sprigs that grow along the ditch banks in the spring; tall and slender and soft; the kind of softness you can't keep from runnin' your hand over.

Her pa, Cecil Middleton, had married Juanita Martinez, a full-blooded Mexican, and settled down here in Tumbleweed Valley. Dolores was about twenty at the time the old folks was drowned in Dead Man's Arroyo. A month later she married Jim Alsworth. They lived on the Middleton ranch for almost a year; then one night Jim saw a man run out of the back door as he was ridin' in from the round-up. Jim emptied his six-shooter into the feller, and without stoppin' to see who it was he'd killed, turned and rode out of the country.



Alsworth had been gone about four years, when Gregory bought out Minor, and Dolores hadn't depended entirely on the ravens, durin' that time, either. She'd had several right lively entanglements; but her one big catch was Willis Pope, foreman for the Circle Dot outfit. Pope was a married man, but his wife joined

her folks back in Kansas, and he got himself another job closer to town and Dolores.

When I picked up her horse's foot that mornin' I seen the critter had been lame for six months. "Come see a fine specimen of ring-bone," I called to Gregory.

He got up and moseyed out to the road, glanced at the horse's hoof and then at Dolores; then forgot all about there bein' a horse present.

Dolores held out a gloved hand for him to press. "You are my neighbor, Meester Gregory, I think," she says, leanin' forward and smilin' to the best possible advantage.

Lee took her hand and stood there lookin' into her eyes the way you've seen a rabbit set on the edge of a hole and look at a rattler.

I broke the spell with, "It's ring-bone, Dolores, but you're late in discoverin' it."

"Thanks," she says, and gathered up her reins. "My land it joins yours, Meester Gregory, and I hope you will be a friend to me," she called back as her horse limped away.

It was more than a week before I seen the Gregorys again, and I was plumb surprised to find Mrs. Gregory dressed and settin' out doors with Lee, on the sunny side of the house.

I'd hardly got there, before I heard the rattle of buggy wheels. Lee must of been waitin' to hear 'em, for he jumped up and said, "That's Mrs. Alsworth, now. She wants me to look over a piece of alfalfa with her. You stay and visit with Melissa, Asy. It'll do her good to have company."

He was at the gate by the time Dolores got there. I reckon Mrs.

Gregory caught my frown, for she says, "I'm so glad Lee met Mrs. Alsworth. He's interested in helpin' her with her farm; I think he may even decide to buy it."

Well, she couldn't of surprised me more if she'd of told me Dolores had joined the Baptist flock and was preparin' for foreign mission work. I knew she hadn't paid a dollar on the mortgage since her pa died, but I'd never heard she wanted to sell, and I couldn't believe Lee wanted more land.

"You'd be pleased if he did," I says, "wouldn't you? You're lookin' a lot better just thinkin' about it."

"Oh, I'm all right," she says; then turned pink and added, "I'm a lot better."

"Gettin' sick the way you did may turn out for the best, yet," I says.

"Yes," she says, "I'm beginning to think it will."

"You can't always understand Providence," I says.

She didn't say anythin' for a spell; just set there, drawin' pictures in the dust with the toe of her shoe. Then her lips parted as if she was catchin' an extra deep breath. "Mr. Mulberry," she says, "do you believe it's wrong to lie—even act a lie—if it's to help somebody else, somebody you love well enough to die for?"

"Course not," I says. "What made you think of that?"

"Oh—oh, I suppose any one alone as much as I am," she says, "has time to think of a lot of things that would never enter the head of a busy, active person. I've heard people talk of the terrible afflictions God is supposed to send on those who

lie." She pushed her sunbonnet away from her face and smiled; right then was the first time I'd ever noticed that Mrs. Gregory was pretty. Sort of like a turtle-dove; I'd shot turtle-doves on the prairie 'round here for years, before I ever stopped to look at one long enough to find out they was the prettiest birds that fly. Most of us go through life lookin' for the bright colors.

Well, from the snatches of talk I heard the next few days, I couldn't help wonderin' if there wasn't a terrible affliction hoverin' over Mrs. Gregory. "I seen Lee Gregory and Dolores Alsworth drivin' up the ditch together," one would say, and the next feller, "Dolores was doin' her best to interest Gregory in her farm again, to-day. Wonder Willis Pope don't take a hand in that." And they'd follow the remarks up with grins that showed the full meanin' of their words.

"I hear you're aimin' to buy the Alsworth farm," I says to Lee, the next time I met him.

"I can't decide what's the best thing for Dolores to do," he says, earnest as death. "She has a pretty heavy mortgage on the farm, but there's a possibility she can hold on with my help. Dolores is a mighty smart girl."

"She is," I thought. "She's drained Pope of everythin' he has, and is playin' you for some new clothes and enough cash to settle up her bill at the store. Soon as that's done, she'll throw you over and look for somebody else."

But I was a mite niggardly in estimatin' Dolores's desires and her ability for havin' 'em fulfilled. The

followin' Tuesday, she drove up in front here, in a brand-new rubber-tired rig, with Mrs. Gregory, lookin' as chirp as a robin on a spring mornin', settin' in the seat beside her.

Dolores wanted her horse's shoes reset, so she stayed and visited with me while Mrs. Gregory went over to the store.

"You're lookin' well, Dolores," I says.

She smoothed the skirt of her black silk dress, touched the red rose tucked in her hair, and give me a sidelong glance. "Do you like me, Meester Mulberry?" she says. "Meester Gregory he like me best in black too. He say I should always dress in the Spanish style."

"Well, nobody could lay a case of sore eyes to lookin' at you," I says. "But I wouldn't think you'd find them clothes too handy on a farm."

She dropped the lids over her big brown eyes till the lashes made shadows on her cheeks. "I do not like the farm, but Meester Gregory say I like it better, if he can get the mortgage paid for me."

I didn't press that subject, not wantin' to appear nosey, but when I seen Mrs. Gregory smile as she got in the buggy with Dolores, I couldn't help thinkin' how hard most of us struggle for things that are worse than useless, once we get 'em.

"That woman must be crazy," Ma says. She'd come 'round front and was standin' there watchin'.

"Which woman?" I says.

"Why, Mrs. Gregory, of course," she says.

"Maybe there's nothin' wrong about it," I says. "If there is, she probably don't suspect."

Ma give one of the most eloquent sniffs I ever heard her exhale. "Don't suspect!" she says. "She's stone deaf if she don't. Everybody was talkin' about it right before her, when she visited the Ladies' Aid, yesterday; they all but mentioned names. The minister's wife told me afterwards that she didn't believe in hurtin' anybody's feelin's, but it was only Christian to let Mrs. Gregory know what she was up against, and maybe she could correct it. Every woman in the Aid pities her. I think she's tryin' to win him back by bein' extra nice to Dolores, but I can tell her that she's wastin' her time."

Well, it looked like Ma's theory was right. Mrs. Gregory never visited the Ladies' Aid again, and kept pretty close home. Pity is about the hardest thing there is to bear. Folks have to be gettin' a lot of pleasure out of it themselves, 'fore they take time to pity you.

Occasionally she'd ride down with Dolores to buy some groceries, and every time I'd see her, she'd tell me how pleased she was that Lee was becomin' so interested in farm-in'. 'Course, I could of told her that all Lee's high spirits wasn't due to a love of the soil, but, somehow, I'm weak that way, when it comes to lettin' people know the truth.



If Mrs. Gregory had been blind to the truth up to the night of the Fourth-of-July Mexican dance at Romero's hall, she didn't need anybody to open her eyes after that.

I was settin' outside the barn about ten o'clock the evenin' of that Fourth, talkin' to Pedro Amado's boy, Manuel. My lantern was lit

and on the ground beside me, so I seen Mrs. Gregory the minute she come 'round the corner.

She could hardly speak at first, she'd been hurryin' so fast. "Have you—have you seen Lee any place, Mr. Mulberry?" she panted. "He didn't come home to supper, and I'm afraid something's happened."

I got up and grabbed my lantern. "No, he ain't been down here, Mrs. Gregory," I says, "but if you're worried, I'll get a rig and we'll go out and look for him."

"He's never stayed out—" she started to say, when Manuel busts in, "I see Meester Gregory dance at Romero's."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was worried. That was good of you to tell me, boy," she says, totterin' back a step, and a shadow of her old smile fittin' across her face.

"Come inside and rest a while," I says. "You ain't in no hurry to get back."

She followed me in without sayin' a word. I put the lantern on the table in the little room we called the office and pushed a chair up beside it for her.

A cowboy, who'd come in for the dance, had left his gun and chaps in the office for safe keepin'. His cartridge-belt and six-shooter was lyin' on the table. Mrs. Gregory reached over and touched the gun. "Lee has a pistol like this," she says. "One of his clients gave it to him. Do you suppose this one has ever killed anybody?"

"No," I says, "it ain't likely. There ain't nothin' really worth killin' a person over, nohow."

"Unless it would be to save some one you loved," she says. "I think

seein' some one you loved bein' hurt would be the hardest thing in the world to bear."

"Well, yes," I begun, but was stopped by somebody outside callin', "Asy! Asy!"

Mrs. Gregory jumped to her feet and her hands fluttered in front of her. "It's Lee!" she whispered. "He mustn't find me here. He'll think I'm such a baby about him. Hide me till he's gone!"

I opened the grain-room door and she stepped in there. I'd hardly got it closed again, before Gregory was in the office, with Dolores Alsworth hangin' on his arm.

Lee swayed over and clapped his hand on my shoulder. "Asy," he says, his voice thicker than ditch-water, and his breath strong enough to hang a set of double harness on, "Asy, we want your rubber-tired buggy and your best team. I want to take the little girl into Dawson and pay off her mortgage. Dolores don't like mortgages."

Dolores was dressed in red and had some red flowers stuck in her hair. Her eyes was so black they looked like holes burned in her white face. She made me think of a hot smoky flame lickin' a piñon log.

"You'd better wait till mornin'," I says.

Dolores give Lee's arm a jerk, and he simpered, "No, want to go to-night. Got to be in Dawson in the mornin'."

I pushed 'em toward the door. "Wait out there in the barn a minute," I says, "and I'll be out."

"Surest thing you know, Asy. Do anythin' for you, Asy," Lee mumbled as I closed the door behind 'em.

I stopped long enough to hang the gun on a peg behind some harness, before I slipped into the grain-room. Mrs. Gregory was standin' as straight as if she'd been nailed to a board. "Don't—don't let them know I'm—" she begun, when Lee called in, "You needn't bother, Asy. The little girl's goin' to borrow a rig from one of the boys."

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Before Lee and Dolores got back from Dawson, the next evenin', I'd heard from no less than a dozen different sources that the blanket had been lifted off the old Middleton place, for the first time in twenty years.

"Well," I says to Ma at supper, "I reckon this'll end it. She'll leave him now, and I can't say that I blame her much, though, of course, any man's liable to make a mistake, once in a while."

"It's lucky for the male race that Saint Peter's a man," Ma says. "You'd better go up there after supper and see if you can do anythin' to help Mrs. Gregory. She might want to come down here and spend the night."

Lee was settin' in the front room, propped up in an easy-chair, and Mrs. Gregory was bathin' his head, when I got there. She said she was afraid he'd caught cold bein' 'round the irrigatin' water so much and it had brought on his fever again. I asked Lee if he wanted to sell his team of gray fillies and started on back to the barn.

On my way home I met Dolores and Willis Pope, drivin' along and chatterin' like a couple of magpies over a picked bone. I decided that Lee had seen what a fool he was

makin' of himself and was goin' to give the girl up.

But Lee hadn't ever give that a thought, I reckon; he didn't even seem to suspect that Dolores and Pope had planned the whole thing. He hung 'round Dolores like a stray dog that's tryin' to locate a home, and she treated him worse than most folks would treat a stray dog.

He'd go to Romero's hall Saturday nights and watch Dolores and Pope dancin' together; his eyes fairly eatin' the girl up. If Willis left her for a minute, Gregory was beside her, pleadin' and beggin' for a dance.

Dolores would laugh right in his face and say, "How many times I tell you to keep away from me. Maybe you forget I have not the mortgage on my place."

It begun to tell on Lee; he'd hardly speak when he met you on the road, and his shoulders drooped worse than mine does to-day. Mrs. Gregory was right pitiful. She went every place with him he'd let her, and when she looked at him her eyes would fill with tears. You couldn't help noticin' it. Becky Gibbs said to Ma, "I can't understand a woman takin' on so, 'cause her own husband's been jilted by another woman."

I couldn't understand it either; maybe because I didn't remember, at the time, what Mrs. Gregory had said about seein' some one you loved hurt, bein' the hardest thing in the world to stand. I thought if Lee would get interested in the law again, it might help; so I persuaded George Stevens to ask him to take his case against the Ditch Company.

But Gregory said he didn't suppose he'd ever try a case again.

I was settin' on Billy Debusk's porch one evenin', along the first part of August. It was dusk, and the mosquitoes was keepin' me so busy brushin' my ears that I didn't recognize Lee and his wife till they was almost on the porch.

"I'll go in and get it," Mrs. Gregory says, and went on in the store. Lee nodded to me and leaned against the iron bars Billy had across his windows.

The weather not bein' anythin' to brag about, I was turnin' my thoughts over to find a cheerful remark to make, when Dolores Alsworth and Willis Pope drove up. Willis hadn't more than got inside the store, before Lee pulled himself together and walked to the buggy where Dolores was settin'. "Dolores, I think you might—" I heard him say, and at the same time she called Willis.

"Will you let him all the time pest me?" she says as Pope's high heels clicked across the porch.

Without sayin' a word, Willis struck Gregory. Lee may have hit back, but he didn't put up what you could call any sort of a fight.

Mrs. Gregory and Billy Debusk come runnin' to the door just in time to hear Dolores say, "Do it good, Willis. Hit him hard. Kill him!"

Willis did it good. He hadn't struck more than half a dozen blows, before Gregory was on the ground and not makin' a move to get up.

Mrs. Gregory give a little scream and dropped a sack of rice she was holdin'; then she run toward Lee.

"Get in," Dolores says to Pope. "We buy to-morrow the groceries. Maybe he learn how to treat a lady."

Willis brushed one hand against the other and jumped into the buggy beside her. We could hear 'em laughin' to each other, even after the dusk had swallowed 'em up down the road.

I took Lee and Mrs. Gregory home. He was still unconscious and right bloody when we got there, so I carried him into the house and put him to bed. He come to, pretty soon, and mumbled Dolores's name.

The lines in Mrs. Gregory's face drew tighter than barbed wire on a new fence. She grabbed his hand in both of hers and pressed it to her cheek. "That's all right, dear," she soothed. "That's all right. You've been hurt—but—but you go to sleep, and it won't hurt any more."

I felt ashamed to be settin' there listenin', that way. It was like starin' at a cripple, if you get what I mean. I told her, if she thought she didn't need me any longer, I'd go. She trembled and looked out the black window; then she says that if I didn't mind stayin', she'd appreciate it.

Lee fell into a regular sleep, and I heard the clock in the front room strike twelve, before Mrs. Gregory spoke again. She rubbed her hand over her forehead and sort of panted; the way you do when you've been runnin' too fast or are excited. "It's awful hot," she says. "I believe I'll go out in the air a little while, Mr. Mulberry."

It wasn't but a minute or two till the screen door closed, and I guess I dropped into a doze, right

afterwards, for I dreamed I heard buggy wheels goin' away from the house.

The clock struck two, before Mrs. Gregory come in again. She leaned over and kissed Lee on the forehead and then looked at me and smiled, one of her old smiles.

"I feel a lot better, now," she says. "I'm sorry—sorry to have kept you so long, Mr. Mulberry. But if—if you want to go home and get to bed, I think Lee'll be all right."

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I was hookin' up Ambrosia to a single rig for a drummer to drive into Dawson, the next day, when Manuel Amado come runnin' into the barn, all out of breath. "Dolores Alsworth she is killed!" he sputtered. "Somebody shoot her maybe last night."

Well, sir, that caused a heap of excitement here in the valley. Some folks thought perhaps Jim Alsworth had come back and killed her; there'd been talk about Jim bein' seen in this part of the country. And I reckon a lot of people would of laid it on Gregory, if he hadn't been so bad hurt that he wasn't out of bed in time to attend the funeral. But who shot Dolores is one mystery Tumbleweed Valley's never been able to figure out.

Gregory spoke to me about it the last time I seen him before he died. He was defendin' a man accused of murder, and when he'd finished his argument, he come over and set down beside me. "Asy," he says, "this case reminds me, in a way, of the Alsworth murder. I don't believe they'll ever find the man who did it."

THE FOURTH R FOR WOMEN

There Is an Undeveloped Field Awaiting Her

ADA COMSTOCK

THE discovering or creative mind is the hero of this piece—or, rather, the heroine, for it is the woman's mind with which it chiefly deals. To suggest a way of giving that mind greater encouragement to develop its precious endowment is my purpose; but first a few words of prologue are necessary.

Two or three times a day there flashes by my house a boy on a motor-cycle. He is a well-built youngster of seventeen or eighteen, with a ruddy countenance like the youthful David, and he rides his sputtering steed with easy mastery. What differentiates him from other boys who ride by, however, is the impression he gives of complete and happy concentration. "Le Penseur" of Rodin is no more absorbed than this flying youth—this fortunate youth who finds himself alive on the very day in the history of the world for which he seems made! From babyhood he has been fascinated by mechanisms, and especially by those which have to do with electricity. When his room overflowed with cells and batteries and coils and pulleys, the disused garage became his shop; and there with his tolerant collie for companion he builds and takes apart and experiments. This summer he operates the moving-picture machine

at one of the local theaters, the supreme moment having been the night when he was permitted, because the machine worked poorly, to take it to pieces after the evening performance and set it up again. Next year he goes to a technical school. The days are not long enough, life is too short, for his adventures in the world of electrical energy.

In the seventeenth century this boy would have sailed with Cortez or with Drake. Two generations ago he would have traveled the Oregon trail. There is a picture by Sir John Millais which represents the youthful Raleigh and a companion listening, with eyes set on a far horizon, to the recitals of a swarthy and earringed sailor. The young Raleighs of to-day dream of the atom, of the microbe, of the strange ways of electrical and thermal energy. It is the beauty and mystery of airships and radio which absorb them; and their sailor with bearded lips is the technical school or the university. "Where can I go now? There are no new places to discover," said one of our polar adventurers recently; but we are only crossing the threshold of exploration into the nature of the forces which control us and which we control. The labors, the perils, the

heroic failures and successes of the modern explorer will be sustained in the future as in the past by imagination; but it is an imagination that has to be nourished by the knowledge to which institutions of learning give easiest access. Learning and adventure to-day join forces in the university.

It is the recognition of this fact both by the universities and by the world outside, that will save Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, from the early dissolution into ruins predicted for them by Mr. H. G. Wells. They know themselves to be neither mills nor factories, and they have freed themselves from the amiable delusion that they are gardens. Instead, they incline to estimate the qualifications of their students and their own achievement in education in terms of power. Barrett Wendell, great teacher that he was, put the case in this way in a letter to a friend:

"The whole man [the student, that is to say] is before us; but to be what he may be and what we would make him, he needs not what we have to give him but the magic word that will speak to him. And when this is once spoken, somehow he flashes into a sane completeness of being that has often seemed unattainable."

To touch the imagination, and, when it has responded, to speed it on its flight with all that previous human endeavor has been able to accumulate or to discern, is the primary task of the university. In that first stirring of the imagination the equipment of the university, in its variety and magnitude, often plays a part. The great library which reckons its volumes in the millions

may be hardly more useful to the undergraduate than a well-chosen collection of fifty thousand books; but it is powerful to awe and trouble and entice. Deliberately the university sets its traps for the unwary imagination. In the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard the students who elect the first course in Fine Arts can reach their class-room only by a route beset by lures in the shape of some of the finest works in sculpture and painting which the Museum possesses. The tutorial system at Harvard and Radcliffe addresses itself to kindling in the mind of the student not merely a passive interest in his chosen field, but an imaginative grasp of the pleasure and profit afforded by exploration in it. In a recent article Professor Alfred North Whitehead put the idea with unapproachable succinctness in these words: "The true function of the university is to preserve the zest of life by uniting the young and the old in the imaginative consideration of learning."

In the days when exploration of the surface of the globe was the great adventure, the place taken by such names as Elizabeth and Isabella shows that the appeal of discovery was felt by women as well as by men. In the adventures of to-day women have an increasing part. Fifty years ago when the opening of opportunities for higher education to women was a live issue, the dust raised by doubts whether they were capable of such training told of the advance of the movement; and to-day similar doubts of their capacity for creative and independent thought show that something is happening. Most di-

spiriting of these, perhaps, are the expressions of disappointed hope that come from those who looked for more immediate results from the spread of college and university training among women. In honest distress they ask why so few women have attained distinction as scientists, as inventors, as creative scholars. Yet a little thinking would suggest why this harvest might be slow in yielding its increase. It is only in the last twenty years, after all, that women in any number have been receiving the initial training which creative scholarship requires. The next step, the one which carries the keen, imaginative, ardent student into the ranks of creative scholars, is a difficult step for any one; and millions of dollars have been devoted in the last decade to establishing research foundations and endowing fellowships to make it easier for the young man. But for the young woman this step has all the difficulties which beset her brother, with some difficulties added and some which weigh more heavily. The financial demands of graduate study are harder for her to meet. Not so many avenues for remunerative work during the summer are open to her; not so many fellowships are available. The universities where she studies were organized for men, and however kindly the individual members of the faculty may show themselves (and I believe university people to be, on the whole, the kindest in the world), the close discipleship which the young man may enjoy, the stimulating comradeship with other disciples, are not so easily attainable for the young woman. Loneliness and isolation

often add their burden to her days of meager living and intense application. After she has taken her doctor's degree and goes, as the young scholar usually does, into a teaching position, it must be, ordinarily, in a small college where facilities for scholarship in library and laboratory are inadequate, and where the teaching schedule is so heavy as to preclude much devotion to study. We are coming to see, I believe, that marriage is essentially far more compatible with the continuation of a woman's career than has been assumed. Even so, marriage has withdrawn many able scholars from the field. All in all, the odds seem heavily against the emergence of the woman scholar; and he who asks why women have produced so few scholars of first distinction can be met with a broadside of answers.

Nevertheless, the woman scholar is emerging. Madame Curie, Dr. Florence Sabin, Dr. Annie Jump Cannon, Professor Margaret F. Washburn are not isolated examples. When the Association to Aid Scientific Research by Women met last April to award its biennial prize of two thousand dollars, it had before it more than forty nominations of women doing scientific work of genuine distinction, a number of whom had international reputations. In the strenuous competition for Guggenheim fellowships women are repeatedly among the winners. The Sachs Research Fellowships in Fine Arts, open to American scholars without distinction of sex, has this year been won by a woman; and, if one may be permitted a moment of boasting, the Charles Eliot Norton Fellowship, open to students at Harvard and Radcliffe, and giving

the recipient a year of study at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, has for two years in succession gone to Radcliffe. Among mature scholars, younger and older, there are women whom the best of their men colleagues hail as equals; and among the young women now in college we have an increasing number who are showing the vigor, the originality, the ardent, eager minds that characterize the creative scholar. "She has exuberant mental energy," a tutor in philosophy told me not long since of a certain sophomore. "She keeps me busy finding something hard enough for her to bite on—anything less than Kant is too easy."

A scholar of distinction, who has had much experience with young disciples, both men and women, writes as follows in a recent letter: "Some day I think that I may undertake to satisfy myself just what the special qualities are which capable women bring to their research work in economics, and which men generally possess in less degree. The old generalization to the effect that women are more concrete, more intuitive, more interested in the individual instance, and less abstract, less 'rational,' less given to generalizations, does not satisfy me, and I am not disposed to think it entirely true. There is a difference, however. And the difference is of a sort which makes the competent woman investigator a very competent person indeed, and one from whom substantial contributions to our knowledge and understanding of economic life are to be expected. One thing particularly interests me. Women are notoriously docile and

intellectually *passive* in their classroom work as students. But as research workers they are in exceptional degree independent and intellectually active, some times even stubbornly so. A woman profits even more than a man, I think, from the freedom and the opportunity for self-assertion which ought to be assured to every research worker."

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Whether there is less or more of this creative energy among women than among men is a question provocative of argument, perhaps, but hardly susceptible of proof. That it exists among women is indubitable. To release it, to give it scope, is important for the individual whose life is otherwise frustrated, but still more important for society, which rests its hope of advancement upon the eyes and brains of its pioneers, and in which the waste of such powers is the supreme folly. The fourth R for women is research.

So far as the first rung on the ladder of scholarship is concerned, this country has done exceedingly well by women. In the sixty-three years since the "Vassar Female College" opened its doors, such colleges for women as Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Goucher, Sweet Briar, Connecticut, Wells and Milwaukee-Downer have come into being; Mount Holyoke, Wheaton and Mills have been transformed from seminaries into colleges; Barnard, Radcliffe and the Women's College of Brown University have made accessible to women the faculties of the universities with which they are associated. Other universities, notably those which are State-supported, have opened their doors

to women on the same terms as to men. Of the 211 colleges and universities on the approved list of the Association of American Universities only forty-six exclude women.

It is easy to amass figures to show how widely women have availed themselves of these opportunities. In the University of California in 1925-26 there were 14,878 women, in the University of Chicago 7564, in Minnesota 6171, in Michigan 4086 and in Wisconsin 3248. East and West, North and South, they crowd into the colleges and universities, coming from every type of home and every group in society. This year there are probably not far short of 400,000 women enrolled in institutions of higher learning. It is often said that never in the history of the world has higher education been made available on such a scale as in the United States to-day; but it is in respect to the scale on which women are receiving this training that the marvel is ten-fold marvelous.

As far as the quality of their work is concerned, no one will deny, unless possibly Signor Mussolini, that women have justified the opportunities given them. I recall an embarrassing comparison once made in a certain State university between the average scholastic records made by the men in the fraternities and the women in the sororities. If my memory serves me, the average record of the fraternity which stood highest was a fraction of a per cent higher than that of the sorority which stood lowest. Otherwise the sororities filled the upper part of the scale and the fraternities the lower. The idea that low grades are somehow creditable has never taken root in the minds of

women students, nor has high scholarship seemed to them an achievement for those incapable of other triumphs. No social stigma rests upon the brilliant woman student, and no barrier of convention prevents her from responding to the fascination which the exercise of her talents may have for her. "If a girl is pretty, she don't need a college education," a gentleman who was asked to contribute to a campaign for funds is said to have remarked, "and if she's not pretty, 'taint adequate." But the pretty girl has been as eager for what college could give as her plainer sister; and no feature of the success of the colleges for women has been more satisfying than the emergence as leaders, in scholarship as well as in student activities, of those whose native endowment, mental, moral and physical, was greatest. To find such students and to enable them to go to college has become one of the chief occupations of clubs of *alumnæ*; and, indeed, a girl of outstanding qualities may find herself the object of vigorous competition on the part of clubs representing different colleges. "Who is the equivalent, in a college for women, of the captain of the foot-ball team in a college for men?" some one asked me recently. She is usually the president of the Student Government Association; she has usually some of the qualities of leadership which distinguish the foot-ball captain; and I venture to say that in nine cases out of ten she takes her degree at least *cum laude*. No college is successful enough in evoking and developing the innate powers of its students; but in undergraduate days the scholarly ability of the girl

has perhaps a better chance of coming to light than that of her brother.

When entrance upon graduate study is in view, however, the situation changes. The daughter, her family may think, has been away from home a long time, the expense of her training has been considerable. Unless she looks forward to a career of teaching in secondary school or college the benefits of further training are not easily defined. *Research* is a term which to many suggests cobwebs and desiccation rather than a vital interest appropriate to a charming young woman. The girl herself, even when she has clearly glimpsed the possibility of a life-long adventure in the realm of scholarship, may well hesitate to enter the shadowy place of probation which the graduate school of a university appears to her to be. A master's degree, earned by carrying a few advanced courses, is not formidable; but if she sets her gaze beyond it she sees a road necessarily long and arduous, threatening her with rigors hard to bear at her age, and perhaps actually harmful. Financially, she has more to fear than the young man. Fellowships are smaller and fewer for her than for him. If they both look forward to teaching, his chance of a remunerative post and one which will permit the continuance of research is greater than hers, because to him are open positions in university faculties to which women are seldom regarded as eligible. One of the minor sorrows of women is the fact that most women's colleges aspire to a balanced faculty of men and women, while colleges for men and coeducational institutions tend

to prefer the complete lack of balance which now characterizes them. Curiously enough, it is sometimes the name of having women on the faculty rather than the fact, which seems to be objectionable; and one could mention institutions for the education of men in which women are giving instruction, but without the appropriate title or salary.

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Many of these obstacles to the progress of women in the field of scholarship, time will remove or custom change; but the uninviting situation in the graduate schools deserves, I believe, action. These schools are ordinarily to be found, of course, in the university centers, with their great libraries, laboratories, museums and well-known scholars. The young people who resort to them come from colleges in every part of the United States and from foreign countries, with every variety of experience and training. They know neither the university nor one another. Their work, as soon as it has become at all advanced, isolates them. At their age, usually from twenty-two to twenty-six, they would not care to be housed in dormitories like those provided for undergraduates; but the alternative is a room in some boarding-house or apartment, with the chances against any companionship or contacts of a helpful sort. For social life of the usual type these young candidates for the doctor's degree have no time, and invitations to tea and dinner from kindly members of the university community are likely to seem irrelevant. Some of them are fortunate enough to be working under the direction of a man who is able to

adopt his young disciples and to meet their human needs; but in our universities, where the college is the main interest, the distinguished teacher is likely to be so over-burdened with large classes and a heavy teaching schedule that his graduate students must exercise patience and ingenuity if they are to get from him the direction that they need. The stimulus of endless hours of shop talk which is so necessary to the novice in any field, the cultivation which should go hand in hand with learning and which might result if the students had a means of easy contact with one another and with older scholars, are available to them, if at all, only by chance. In this respect the woman is at a greater disadvantage than the man. The university is organized for men, and in the rooms of the young instructors, in the clubs and eating-houses nearby, the men graduates will occasionally find the intellectual companionship and encouragement which they need; but the young woman has no such freedom. What should be a community of young scholars in the most stirring period of their lives is often only a "sum total" of hard-working and isolated and lonely individuals gaining from each day only an advance in the special fields in which they labor. They are, strangely enough, the step-children of the university; and, as often happens, it is the daughter who suffers most from the aloofness of the relationship.

One can imagine a situation in striking contrast to the one which

exists. In every great university community where women are trained, a few remain for years engaged in some work of important research. With appropriate fellowships available, the number of such women would be larger. Around them might be developed an informal guild of young scholars, unorganized, unnamed, but giving to the eager youngster in the field of research the sense that she was not going her way alone. Assuredly there should be a guild house; and any one who engages in dream architecture can spend delightful hours upon a plan which would meet the social and personal needs of the woman scholar. Quiet and privacy it should offer her, but also, on the easiest and least formal and least premeditated terms, a chance to meet students in her own and other fields, to hear and to talk with visiting scholars, and to acquire at last the sense of the fraternity into which she is entering.

It is my belief that we are educating in our schools and colleges to-day numbers of young women who in mind, temperament and inclination are fitted to engage in the pioneer work of contributing to the world's store of knowledge. I believe that such work is not incompatible with the conditions of a woman's life, but is, rather, one of the lines of endeavor which may best be adapted to them. It is time for some institution to establish conditions that will demonstrate convincingly the practicability, the dignity and the human satisfaction of the career of high scholarship for women.

THE NEW PEACE IN THE CARIBBEAN

Not of Disarmament but That of a Strong Man Armed

CYRUS FRENCH WICKER

THE ratification of the Kellogg Peace Pact will be regarded in America with feelings of regret, of indifference or of high endeavor, according to the efforts that we as a nation have made to carry out its promise of an enduring world peace.

It is particularly appropriate, ten years after the close of the World War in which the United States was a participant, that we try to determine what attitude America now takes toward peace, what are the ideals toward which we are working, and what has actually been accomplished by the United States in various parts of the world, and particularly among our nearest neighbors, toward making those ideals practicable.

No one doubts that the face of America is turned toward peace. From that dramatic moment when Secretary of State Hughes proposed the limitation of armaments at the first disarmament congress in Washington, the vision and the leadership have been hers. Power to compel peace has gone hand in hand with intention and opportunity, for to-day the United States is supreme throughout the entire continent of North America and dominant in many more distant portions of the globe. Yet a candid review of our national history

shows that the American people have rarely during any long period of time expressed an unqualified desire for universal peace. Freely admitting its blessings upon all human relationships, we have never hesitated to fight for things that we held to be more important than peace itself. Our record is warlike; and it is doubtful whether there is any great nation of antiquity or of to-day, including those considered to be of a military or belligerent nature, that has not kept the peace for longer periods than we have.

Virtually all of the additions to our national territory have come through war or as a result of war. Even our purchases have not been free from the menace of force or our statesmen ignorant of the effect of a threat of war at a critical period in the negotiations. In later days and more particularly in the region of the Caribbean, our foreign policy has been characterized by gestures which, had they been directed against powerful neighbors, would have produced forceful retaliation. Indeed in Latin America, at the moment of writing, our assumption of leadership in peace is denied; and from the Kellogg Peace Pact six nations, among them Argentina, Brazil and Chile, the three most powerful and

influential nations of South America, have drawn back or have withheld their consent.

Peace-loving America has indeed been fortunate in her isolation and, except where drawn like all the world into the last great war, her conflicts with distant and powerful nations have been few. Bounded east and west by the world's widest oceans, we have land frontiers only on the north and south. Even there our national attitude has appeared vastly different on the two boundaries. A few gunboats on the Great Lakes and a mere border patrol for customs purposes have served to keep with Canada, for over a century and on the longest frontier in the world, a peace based on mutual understanding and the recognition of neighborly rights.

Far different are our relations with our neighbors to the south. In that direction the United States has been continually advancing its frontiers and adding to its territory the former possessions of Latin America. With the sole exception of the purchase from Denmark of the Virgin Islands in the eastern Caribbean, our expansion to the west, the south-west and the south has been entirely at the expense of Latin America and, in striking contrast to our relations with Canada, has been accomplished in almost every instance by war or warlike menace.



Our first period of national expansion began with the infancy of our nation and lasted up to the Civil War. In retrospect it appears territorial rather than strategic in character, concerned with the acquisition of adjacent lands and, while

unparalleled in extent, limited to our same continental area. Beginning with Louisiana and the Floridas, leading up to Texas and exacting the utmost advantage from the war with Mexico, we acquired these earliest and largest additions to our national heritage by the primitive method of first desiring the territory greatly, because of its agricultural and commercial value, and then proceeding to acquire it to satisfy that desire. Louisiana was obtained, by purchase it is true, from Napoleon I to whom Spain, the rightful owner, had transferred conditional title some years before in return for promises of a dynastic nature which were never fulfilled. The legal title remained of course in Spanish hands; yet when the American commissioners, Monroe and Livingston, sent over by Jefferson to negotiate for the purchase of the island of New Orleans, were offered the immensely larger territory of Louisiana, they seized the opportunity created by Napoleon's necessity and accepted the offer in the name of the United States. Despite the almost frantic protests of Spain that the title was still hers, since Napoleon had not performed his part of the agreement and moreover had himself promised never to cede Louisiana to any country other than Spain, Congress promptly ratified the contract and, assuming an aggressively belligerent attitude toward Spain, compelled that country, already engaged in European war, to yield.

West Florida, possessing the natural advantage of position on the east bank of the Mississippi, was acquired in 1810, without cost, by the simpler expedient of moving our

settlers in until they formed a majority of the inhabitants, later negotiating for purchase and raising the question of Spain's doubtful title and finally, under threat of war if our demands were refused, occupying the area militarily and formally annexing it to the United States.

East Florida followed in 1819, partly to round out our southern border but largely in order to secure for our young nation an entrance to the Gulf of Mexico and the control of the commerce passing between Cuba and Florida. Five million dollars was credited to Spain in return for this territory, but was later paid over to our own settlers as compensation for their claims against the Spanish Government. Matters like title, ownership and previous possession seem to have been lost sight of or ignored in the face of the national desire for expansion and considerations of commercial supremacy. Even Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States and in our own time a revered champion of liberty and democracy, said openly that all of Florida would fall to the United States should Spain become engaged in a European war.

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The annexation of Texas was frankly and openly an act of war with Mexico and was so understood and accepted by the United States. Although Texas had won her independence from Mexico in 1836 by her own efforts and had maintained this position for ten years as a separate state, sending and receiving ministers and conducting foreign relations with the United States as with a foreign nation, her affections and interests were clearly bound up

with her northern neighbor, and at the close of the ten year period she applied formally for annexation. Rightly regarding this move as a fatal obstacle to her eventual recovery of Texas by force of arms, Mexico informed the United States that annexation would be regarded as an act of war. The challenge was accepted and war with Mexico followed, resulting not only in the loss of Texas, but also in the wresting from Mexico of a far greater area in the southwest, including what are now the States of Arizona, New Mexico, California, Colorado and parts of Utah and Nevada. Neither side regarded the affair as other than the invocation of war to settle the ownership of desirable territory; and Texas was the price paid by our nearest Latin American neighbor for daring to oppose the farther territorial expansion of the United States.

The Gadsden Purchase of 1853, by which another slice of Latin territory was added to the still disputed southern border, was effected seven years later in order that the United States might secure for the projected Southern Pacific railroad a right of way at a lower and more convenient level than was possible within the confines of the United States. While war was not directly threatened during the negotiations, American troops were concentrated on the frontier as a precautionary measure and the depredations of Indians, together with resulting claims for damages on both sides, played a large part in determining the price to be paid. The situation became so tense that a far more important objective, the control of the lower Colorado River with its attendant right to

water for irrigation purposes, was entirely lost sight of, to reappear among the vexatious problems leading to recent interventions in Mexican territory.

These immense tracts and territories taken from formerly Spanish possessions bordering on the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico, gave us exclusive ownership of the Gulf coast, the Mississippi Valley and the Florida Straits, and consequently the control of the commerce of that entire area from the Rio Grande to Jacksonville. These possessions were not acquired peacefully, but were wrested from a people inferior in military power and unable to defend their claims of prior or lawful title. Peace ensued; which proved to be a peace before the storm, as Americans turned from foreign expansion to deal with the growing dissensions between the States, leading up to the Civil War. Then followed the long period of reconstruction, during which the North was too busy and the South too exhausted to push dominion farther into the lands of our Latin neighbors. It took another war, this time directly with Spain, to reopen the story of American expansion in the Caribbean; and when it came it found the problem had assumed a new character and involved a new area.

In this war with Spain over her few remaining Caribbean possessions, the United States, somewhat against her will and certainly without deliberate intention, stepped out from the continent and took possession of the islands of the sea. No longer did we expand by annexing contiguous territory; but striding overseas we freed Cuba, took the

Philippines and, with something of national embarrassment, welcomed an alien but smiling Porto Rico. Five years later, impelled by the single will of vigorous Roosevelt, to who knows what destiny, we poised and struck at far-off Panama. There, one thousand miles south of Florida, we built the first interoceanic canal—for the protection of which we have been filling up the gaps in the Caribbean ever since—and opened the way for interventions in Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua.



The Spanish War made us a world power; but the building of the canal made us an empire, involving the usual panoply of naval bases, protectorates, spheres of influence and control of strategic points around the entire Caribbean Sea. Just as a man, having acquired land, built his home and achieved peace in his own household, might desire then to open relations with his nearest neighbors across the intervening yard, so the United States emerged from the Civil War and the period of reconstruction to renew acquaintance with the neighboring republics of the Caribbean—and found their attitude far different from what was expected. Contacts were inevitable, since the most intimate and important interests of the United States, both for self-protection and in the development of foreign trade, lie in this region nearest home. But the countries of the Caribbean, having studied the history of our great expansion and particularly the results of the Mexican and Spanish wars, showed doubt, suspicion and fear.

We speak broadly of the relations

of the United States with Latin America; but in reality that region in which our foreign policy is being most clearly expressed and most closely watched, is limited to the Caribbean area, lying between the Lesser Antilles on the east, Cuba, Haiti and Santo Domingo on the north, Mexico and Central America on the west, and Panama, with the mainland of Colombia and Venezuela to the south. Twelve out of the twenty countries of Latin America (including El Salvador among her Central American neighbors) border on that sea; and it is safe to say that their problems absorb probably nine tenths of the attention of our State Department and a high percentage of the space in our press devoted to foreign affairs.

Within that area Mexico, our nearest neighbor, appears at this moment synonymous with trouble over land legislation, Constitutional amendments and controversy over oil leases. In Cuba, almost within sight of Florida, President Machado has publicly announced that the time has come to remove the limitations placed upon Cuban sovereignty by the Platt amendment. The Haitian Republic is still policed by native constabulary officered by American marines; while in Santo Domingo we have but recently withdrawn our direct supervision over the customs while retaining general control over the finances of the country. Panama has reopened the matter of the Canal Treaty of 1903 and requested its revision; in Nicaragua, American marines are stationed in every city of the republic pending the outcome of the national election which has been supervised by American mili-

tary and civil agents. Even tiny Costa Rica has presented to the world the yet unsettled question of the Costa Rican rights in the Nicaraguan canal route and caused acute embarrassment to the State Department by asking the League of Nations to interpret the peculiarly American principle of the Monroe Doctrine and to state the effect upon that doctrine of its definition as a "regional understanding" under Article XXI of the League Covenant.

Adding to that the fact that all of Central America is torn by conflicting opinions as to Central American federation, the future of the Permanent Court of International Justice, the attitude of the League and the position of the United States in Nicaragua, and the fact that Colombia and Venezuela are drawn inevitably into the circle of our influence in the Caribbean, the one through its geographical nearness to the United States and the Canal Zone and the other by the recent exploitation of the vast oil-producing region in the north Andean district, making Venezuela the second largest producer of petroleum in the world—we see that the Caribbean area is not only the objective of American economic and financial expansion, but also the site of our most vexatious problems in foreign policy.

To call this area the natural abode of peace is to deny the facts. To say, however, that the object of the recent activities of the United States is to make of the Caribbean a peaceful sea, to preclude it forever from becoming a site of war or of hostile action directed against either the United States or any country of Latin America, is to understand

the unannounced but clearly discernable policy of the United States throughout the entire Caribbean area.



The Caribbean has often been called the American Mediterranean, and compared in many ways to that sea around which so much of European life and civilization and culture have centered. Resemblances are noticeable, particularly as to climate, which is not unlike in certain areas; yet fundamental differences exist, of which none is more striking than the political relationships existing between the countries around the Caribbean and those bordering on the Mediterranean.

The nations of the Caribbean, with the exception of British Honduras, are fully sovereign, independent states, members of the society of nations and, except for Mexico and the United States, fellow-members in the League of Nations. The countries bordering the southern shore of the Mediterranean are, on the contrary, merely colonies, dependent upon and wholly subservient to their mother lands. France, Spain and Italy all possess colonies on the opposite side; France has Morocco, Algeria and Tunis; Italy the colony of Tripoli, and Spain her zone in northern Morocco extending from Ceuta to Mellila. Each of those nations look to their African colonies for food supplies, as the Romans did before them, and for soldiers in time of war; and this in turn has led to ever present jealousy and competition on the part of the several European masters. Especially is this true to-day, when the conduct of modern warfare is dependent as

never before on products from tropical and semi-tropical lands. Rubber, cotton, vegetable oils, including the invaluable castor-bean oil for the lubrication of airplane motors, fibers, sugar, coffee, cacao, hardwoods for airplane propeller blades, dyes, lacquers and varnishes; and among metals, manganese, copper and nitrates; all are vital factors in the waging of a prolonged war. In consequence, intense rivalry has sprung up among these nations over the possession and exploitation of their colonial empires and the necessity for maintaining across the Mediterranean uninterrupted transport of food and material and men, resulting in the alarming increase in submarines, destroyers and the material for war on land and sea and sky. Requirements of national defense have permitted no slackening in the race for military and naval supremacy of the Mediterranean; the mere gesture of Germany, in 1911, indicating her desire to establish a naval base in Morocco, not indeed within the Mediterranean, but far down on the Atlantic coast, precipitated a European crisis requiring the calling of an international conference to preserve world peace.

During all recorded history the Mediterranean has been a sea dark with warfare and shadowed with bitter rivalry and hate. Phenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Venetians and Genoese, down to the modern members of the League of Nations, all have used its waters as avenues of commerce and as the field for naval battles.

From this rivalry of jealous nations over trade routes, colonial possessions and supplies of materials

of war, the Caribbean Sea is free—thanks to its present control by one nation only, in place of a group of nations such as hold in their hands the precarious peace of the Mediterranean. Conditions here would be the same as in southern Europe were it not for the United States, which has maintained for over a century a peace of the Caribbean, proclaiming that it shall never be used as a site of war.

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America too has need of uninterrupted communication across this sea, for purposes of trade in time of peace and of self-defense in time of war. If our nation should become involved with any first-class naval power we also might be deprived of those tropical products, essential to carrying on of war, for which no substitute could be found or manufactured within the United States. The added possibility that in such a war Mexico might be ranged against us, renders any plan for obtaining such articles by an overland route impracticable. The long and costly transport of tropical products by the land route, with the necessity of convoy and the diversion of troops necessary to guard the supply trains, constitute distinct disadvantages over the easier and safer transport by sea across the Caribbean.

The United States has no longer any powerful rival on that sea nor, with the exception of Jamaica, are there any important island possessions belonging to European nations that could be utilized there as naval bases in time of war. But this situation, of inestimable importance to the present and future peace of the Caribbean, is not the result of

accident or of our own good luck. It is the result of a definite foreign policy of the United States in the Caribbean as part of the plan of national defense, proclaimed a hundred years ago in the Monroe Doctrine and maintained, under varying interpretations to meet changing conditions, down to our present time.

Encroachments upon this plan within the past dozen years, in Cuba, Haiti and in Santo Domingo, have been met with prompt and decisive action by the United States Government, with such effect that to-day this policy has been extended to cover the entire Caribbean area, removing it forever as a field for intervention politically, territorially or financially, by any nation, whether European, Asiatic or American, except with the consent of the United States.

But the United States has done more. Not content with announcing the policy of non-intervention by other nations in this encircled sea, it has within the past thirty years acquired exclusively for itself every strategic point within the whole region subjected to our influence and control. The task was not difficult, owing to the scarcity of good harbors available as naval bases; but of such as there are, the United States controls them all. Key West in Florida, which commands the Florida Straits. By treaty with Cuba we secured the magnificent harbor of Guantanamo, now the winter rendezvous of the Atlantic fleet, controlling the northern Caribbean. Colon, from the adjacent American base at Cristobal, protects the immediate vicinity of the Panama Canal; while

through a recent treaty with Nicaragua the United States now holds a lease for ninety-nine years, with extension for another ninety-nine years, upon Great Corn and Little Corn Islands, lying just off the Atlantic entrance to the proposed Nicaraguan canal route, and the Bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific side of Nicaragua, considered the safest harbor on the Pacific Ocean and the third finest natural harbor in the world.

Finally, by the purchase for twenty-five million dollars of the Danish West Indies, our country has acquired the harbor of St. Thomas which, from its position far to windward, is the key to the defense of the Caribbean Sea. From this harbor destroyers and submarines may, within the waters sheltered by the chain of islands to windward, reach any part of the Caribbean within the shortest possible time. That its acquisition was sought by Germany before the world war is well known, as also that, had she been successful, there might have been established at this most strategic point of the Caribbean another Helgoland, to become the site of a powerful European naval base at the very gateway to the American sea.



In these days of long-distance cruising submarines and ocean-crossing airships, the question of safe harbors and bases of supplies becomes a vital factor in war. Any small creek or harbor of sufficient depth may become a depot where supplies of oil and gasoline, together with most valuable information, may be picked up by an enemy

vessel. A great part of the efforts of the United States Naval Intelligence Service during the war was spent in patrolling the coast line not only of the United States but also of the whole of Latin America bordering on the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. Had strong enemy naval bases existed in the vicinity, the task of protecting American lives, and our vessels of war and transport, would have been immeasurably harder.

This, then, is the accomplished work of the United States, which has not only removed the Caribbean as a site of possible enemy activity, but also has made assurance doubly sure by taking over all potential naval bases and strategic points. Our statesmen, by acquiring these positions with the least possible friction and the greatest rapidity before they were taken by others, have within the short space of thirty years excluded from our immediate neighborhood the irritations, the rivalries, the conflicts that for ages have characterized the Mediterranean, and by so doing have determined the destiny of the Caribbean as a peaceful sea.

This is the new peace of the Caribbean; a peace not of disarmament, but the peace of a strong man armed. To leave a door open invites robbery, and to disarm invites international aggression. Within this limited area we have but done what England did one hundred and fifty years before, in acquiring strategic points and naval bases all over the world, securing thereby her naval supremacy and the unity of her wide extended empire. Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Singapore,

Hong Kong, Halifax and a score of others, strung around the world to make the seas safe for British ships and British commerce, have their counterpart in the harbors, naval bases and canal routes owned or controlled by the United States in the American Mediterranean.

Based on the idea that peace is a result of single purpose and single control—not of opposing jealousies and intrigues, a precarious balance of power with war the inevitable result of any slight increase in military strength or the accident of a new discovery—the United States has acquired at little cost possessions which, of utmost value now, will in a hundred years be without price in the maintenance of peace.



It must not be inferred that this situation is perfect or that it has been attained without grave blunders and graver injustice. The American lack of understanding and recognition of the susceptibilities and sensitiveness of otherwise friendly neighbors has resulted too often in arousing among the nations of the Caribbean feelings of suspicion and fear. The present situation presents no brief in defense of the means at times employed by the United States in its dealings with the weaker countries of Central America or again with the more powerful nations of Mexico, Colombia and the island republics. But the facts of history are clear. Within a single generation the United States has taken possession of every strategical point around the entire Caribbean—Key West, Guantanamo, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Cristobal, Great Corn and Little Corn Islands, and

the two canal routes—and has created and maintained virtual protectorates over Cuba, Santo Domingo and Haiti. The work is done, and the Caribbean will never, as long as the United States exists, become a site for hostile action against our own country or our immediate neighbors.

With that achievement comes regret that in the process too little consideration was paid to the feelings, the sentiment, the very rights of the peoples and small nations possessing these coveted points. It must ever be deplored that the relations between the United States and the small republics of the south were not sufficiently intimate and friendly, were not so characterized by confidence and trust in each other, that coöperation rather than compulsion might have been the guiding force in attaining the peace of the Caribbean.

Endowed with the same virtues and ideals, molded by similar circumstances, brought face to face with the same dangers and difficulties and problems in a new world, winning independence almost together and governed, outwardly at least, by the same forms of representative government, and appreciative of the same culture, it would have been well if that further step had been taken which would have resulted in coöperation and mutual effort in attaining the common end of safety, prosperity and peace.

This last remains, however, as the work of our statesmen of to-day. The peace itself is bigger than the means that have been employed to achieve it. Our task is to study the work of our predecessors, to undo the

harm that has been done to nations or to individuals in the too hasty effort to arrive at the sought-for goal, to avoid the blunders arising from ignorance, selfishness and greed, to make adequate compensation for all injuries and above all to create and foster understanding and friendship with every nation bordering on the Caribbean, so that they may confidently join with us in the policy of peace and in the control of the

Caribbean by the United States, in conjunction with and in the interests of them all.

This policy of the United States in the Caribbean is big enough to win the approval and receive the assistance of all nations bordering on that sea if it is brought before them with patience, with good-will and with the earnest and sincere desire to enlist their understanding, coöperation and support.

LINEs FOR AN ANTIQUE SHOP

MOLLY ANDERSON HALEY

The sense of hovering hands is in this room,
 Of ghostly fingers that have laid their spell
 On chest and chair, on spinning-wheel and loom,
 On plate and powder-horn that served them well.
 Around these symbols of a vanished day
 There is a zone of hallowed silence drawn,
 And under film of dust and disarray
 Are titles vested yet in owners gone.
 Let him stand hushed who enters in to buy,
 Bring more than check-book to this market-place:
 Possession is for him who still holds high
 The stern and hard-won standards of his race,
 And price—a heart too humble to forget
 “The ancient landmarks that thy fathers set!”

AN ARCTIC WINTERING

Ice Haven in 1596 Was a Wild and Irksome Resort

LLEWELYN POWYS

FEW European seaport cities suggest to the mind so much of the atmosphere of nautical adventure, of nautical discovery, as does Amsterdam. The round "Weeping Tower," from the top of which the sailors' wives would watch the ships take their departure, still stands overlooking the harbor's mouth. High up above the bridges that span the canals, bridges whose darkened hollows are even yet fitted with heavy iron rings for the mooring of barges, may be seen the tall houses in which once resided the shrewd burgomasters involved in the seafaring enterprises of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Beyond the green embankment lies the Zuyder Zee, opening out into the green limitless oceans of the world.

The salt smell that rises to one's nostrils from the quays and docks is redolent of brave, ancient times. The great warehouses, with their pulleys, their open lofts, their well-worn beams and floors, speak eloquently of the innumerable crates of foreign merchandise they have stored—merchandise long since disposed of, dispersed and forgotten. And of all the adventurous explorations that have set sail from Amsterdam none, perhaps, is more inspiring than the one undertaken by William Barents and

Jacob van Heemskerk in 1596 in search of the Northeast passage.

These two men had both received instruction from Peter Plancius, that sagacious pastor whose interests were divided between the importunate uncertainties of theological and geographical problems. Peter Plancius was the same good man who afterward gave such generous help to Henry Hudson, when, with his mixed crew of Dutch and English, he, in his turn, set out on his third memorable voyage for a discovery of a passage to Cathay. For it was to that half mythical land that the minds of these solid citizens were forever turning when harried by a ruthless soldiery at home they looked for new and more profitable trade routes oversea. In 1594 Barents made his first voyage. On this occasion he explored Novaya Zemlya, rounded its northernmost cape, and discovered the Orange Islands. The next year a still more ambitious navigation was instigated wherein no less than seven vessels stored with goods of exchange set sail for China by this imaginary northeastern route. They passed through the Vaigach Strait, but any farther advance was obstructed by the ice-floes of the Kara Sea, and they returned to Holland disheartened.

In 1596 the expedition with which we are now concerned was fitted out. It consisted of two ships under the leadership of Heemskerk and John Cornelius Ryp, with Barents as its chief pilot. Differences occurred between the captains, and after the discovery of Spitzbergen, Barents and Heemskerk, with a crew of twenty-seven men, separated from Ryp, and, trusting themselves to God, steered once again for the northern coast of Novaya Zemlya. They were now resolved, against all odds, to reach that warm passage perfumed with incense-bearing trees which, as the cosmographers assured them, led down to those fabulous lands from which they could fetch "all the principalest commodities and fruites of the earth."



In these modern times our knowledge of the world is so concise that it is a hard matter to jerk our imaginations back to those days when all still remained unpredictable and mysterious, when unicorns were reputed to be bred in the paddocks of the great Khan, when mermen and mermaids were believed to pass a strange, half-human existence among the seaweed-grown rocks and sandy, shell-gravel levels at the bottom of the sea. And yet such was the "vision of the earth" as it presented itself to these simple sailors, who, on July first, sailed away to the North-east upon their desperate journey. Over the blue, cold water they sped, over the bulging, crested waters of the Barents Sea, as it has since been called, twenty-nine sturdy Dutchmen below white sails, on deck, and under hatches. The very polar bears that they encountered were to

them new and startling gazing-stocks. They had tried to rope one thinking "to have shewed him for a strange wonder in Holland." Barents himself had already learned that these yellow-white animals with their long, lean heads were not easily to be mastered. His first encounters with them are vividly related by good Gerrit de Veer, one of his crew.

It had happened that some of his men on his first voyage had gone on shore at Novaya Zemlya to pick up certain stones, "that glistered like gold." Two of the sailors, weary with the labor, had lain down to rest in a place hidden from view. "A great leane white beare came suddenly stealing out, and caught one of them fast by the necke; who not knowing what it was that tooke him by the neck, cried out and said 'Who is it that pulles me so by the necke?' Wherewith the other that lay near him in a hollow, lifted up his head to see who it was, and perceiving it to be a monstrous beare, cryed and sayd 'Oh mate, it is a beare!' and therewith presently rose up and ran away." The bear then bit the unfortunate man's head "in sunder, and suckt out the blood." The rest of the sailors now advanced to the rescue, but the animal "perceiving them to come towards her, fiercely and cruelly ran at them, and got another of them out from the company, which she tare in pieces, wherewith all the rest ran away." For some time they could not be persuaded to renew the attack, and one cannot but feel sympathy with their reasoning. "Our men are already dead, and we shall get the beare well enough, though wee oppose not ourselves into so open danger; if we might save

our fellowes lives, then we would make haste; but now we neede not make such speede, but take her at an advantage, with most securitie for ourselves, for we have to doe with a cruell, fierce and ravenous beast." However, under the direction of their stout leaders they again went forward "and after the marster and pilote had shot three times and mist . . . the pursur stepping somewhat forward, and seeing the beare to be within the length of a shot, presently leveled his peece, and discharging it at the beare, shot her into the head between both the eyes, and yet she held the man still faste by his necke, and lifted up her head, with the man in her mouth, but she beganne somewhat to stagger. . . . At last William Geysen went to them, and with all his might stroke the beare upon the snout with his peece, at which time the beare fell to the ground, making a great noyse, and William Geysen leaping upon her cut her throat."

Wherever they had gone on land in these deserted and frozen countries they had had adventures. On the coast of northern Russia (on the second voyage) they met with a troop of Samoyeds, a hardy people, who subsisted upon the flesh of reindeer and fish and wild geese. They found on a hill a rough wooden idol, and in consequence named this headland Beelthooke, or Image Point. They held discourse with the natives, a simple people wearing "cappes of hartes or bucke skinner, the rough side outwards, which stande close to their heades, and are very fitte." The honest mariners offered them refreshment. "We set fresh butter and cheese before them to eat, but

they refused it, saying that that day was a fasting day with them; but at last when they saw some of our pickled herrings, they eat them, both heads, tayles, skin and guts." The Dutchmen noticed with interest that the ground before the image was strewn with "great store of ashes, and bones of hartes" as though sacrifices were made unto it. The rough grace of their departure is most admirably described "and when we were in our penace, we al put off our hattes and bowed our heades unto them, sounding our trumpet; they in their manner saluting us also, and then went to their sleads again . . . which stood always ready with one or two hartes in them." These were narrations of the past.

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Their "notable, skilfull and wise pilote" had in 1596 a mind to round Ice Cape, pass the Orange Islands, and steer eastward through the Tartarian Sea. On they went over those gray, ice-engendering waters with their hearts stoutly set upon finding the desired opening. To one side of their ship extended those wide acres that circumvent the northern pole of our planet. They had manned their small vessel with as many unmarried men as they could "that they might not be dissuaded by means of their wives and children, to leave off the voyage." The monotony of the days was broken by spectacles that were to them new and wild and desolate. "Then we saw a great thing driving in the sea, which we thought had been a shippe, but passing along by it wee perceived it to be a dead whale, that stouncke monstrously; and on it there sate a great number of sea meawes."

A party of men in a small ship's boat now rowed to the mainland of Novaya Zemlya, and hauling it onto the shore climbed up a high hill to see if they could discover the open water of their desire. There they saw it clear and virginal of ice, an uninterrupted sea extending even to the horizon south-east and east south-east. "We were much comforted againe, thinking wee had woon our voyage, and knew not how we should get soone enough on board to certifie William Barents thereof." But their exaltation was premature for the ship was soon once more embayed; the Kara sea, as ever, proving itself to be ice blocked.

By the end of August they were compelled to take shelter in a small cove a little way down the eastern coast of Novaya Zemlya. Here their ship became locked between huge icebergs that day after day drove down upon her from the north. The pressure of the ice eventually lifted her bodily from the water, and there, with prow pointing upward, she was held fast, not to be budged. Her timber creaked and grated in answer to the groaning ice that with hungry movements compassed her about. No power of man could shift her. The company then had no alternative but to prepare for a wintering in this far northern ground which till that time had never felt upon its snow-covered surface the pressure of a human foot.

With planks taken from the ship they set to work to build themselves a house on Ice Haven, "that we might winter there and attend such adventure as God would send us." Already it froze two fingers thick in the salt water. By early October the

house was ready. It was surmounted with a May-pole made of frozen snow. It was built with a chimney and the roof was covered with a sail kept down by the weight of pebbles from the shore. "We fetched segges from the sea side."

The prospect before them was the most dreary. The sun was low upon the horizon, each day bringing its final disappearance nearer and nearer. And it was in this tiny shelter that they had to face the long winter months. Its four walls comprised their civilization. They were lost to the world. Around them was a nude and sterile landscape tormented with frost. The snug, side-street taverns of Amsterdam, reflecting their warm yellow window lights upon the canal waters of the old city, existed only in memory; how infinitely remote they were from the unvisited, uninhabitable strand over which, day after day, night after night, interminable blizzards expended their fury, piling up, upon the frozen, contracted earth, more and more snow! They had beer with them, but whatever of it purged out of the barrel froze as hard as if it had been glue. When they visited the abandoned ship to fetch more rations they were pestered by the cold: "we could hardly go against the winde and a man could hardly draw his breath, the snowe drove so hard on our faces." They had collected a large quantity of driftwood and this served them for fuel. They set up their sixteenth century dial "and made the clock strike" so that they could the better follow the passing of the days. When they could shovel the snow away sufficiently to get the

door open they set traps for foxes, the flesh of which tasted to them like venison.

By November seventh the sun was "not full above the east but passed on the horizon along by the earth . . . the next day we could see nothing but the upper part of the sun above the horizon." From that time they were engulfed in the dread darkness of a perpetual night. In its plenitude, and during the days before and after, the moon encircled the heavens without rising above or sinking below the earth's rim, and during the intervals between the driving, bitter storms the stars shone down upon the small, ice-locked haven, which formed their prison yard. Except for their fire, and a small lamp filled with bear's fat, and a bundle of tallow candles, they could look for no illumination other than what was afforded by moon and stars. The days were as the nights and the nights as the days. "Foule weather with great snow" was the scant record of many of their hours. For with a fury devoid of purpose the wind flew shrieking over the ice. It whistled through the crevices of their hut, it whipped at the encrusted snow, and with mad hurricane gusts went howling past them to the distant southward tracts of the land of their solitary sojourn. And there was none to mark its merciless and witless progress save these twenty-nine human beings who had been carried so far from the "natural" lands of Christendom. For even in these days of science there yet remains something *unnatural* about the arctic zone—about this northernmost end of the earth where, to an eye uninstructed

in astronomical calculations, the celestial bodies in the firmament above seem to undergo so abnormal and so unaccountable a derangement.

It grew so cold that the clock would no longer work and they were fain to mark the passing of time with hour glasses. "We set up the sand glass of 12 houres, and when it was run out we set it up again, still watching it lest we should miss our time." When they washed their shirts "it was so cold that when we had washt and wroong them, they presently froze so stiff out of warm water, that although we lay'd them by a great fire, the side that lay next the fire thawed, but the other side was hard frozen . . . whereby we were forced to put them into the seething water again to thaw them, it was so exceeding cold." They each took turns in chopping up the driftwood for the fire, for the cook had his hands full dressing meat and melting snow, for "commonly our drink was water which we molt out of snow." The great Dutch cheeses they had were divided so that any sailor might eat "when he list." They made caps out of the skins of the foxes they took "to wear upon our heads therewith to keep them warm from the extreame cold."

They heard strange noises out in the night, noises not to be explained, noises that chilled them with the sense of their appalling isolation: "For the night, which of itself is solitarie and fearefull made that which was doubtfull to be worse feared." Sometimes the foxes had the temerity to climb upon their muffled roof-top, and once a bear also, and they were in dread lest she

would come to them down the aperture of the chimney, for it was too dark for them to use their muskets. Presently, however, the animal, after tearing at the sail-cloth a while, took her departure.

The days passed, the weeks passed, and still the easterly wind blew, bringing with it "an extreame cold, almost not to be endured . . . where-upon wee lookt pittifully one upon the other, being in great feare, that if the extremity of the cold grew to be more and more we should all die there with cold." One of the sailors suggested that they should use certain pieces of coal for their fire which they had brought from the ship, and to conserve the heat better they blocked up the chimney. At first they were greatly content with the new device and got into their bunks each with a warm stone to comfort him. Happier than they had been for weeks they stayed a while talking, but the coal gas accumulated in the unventilated room till at last they were taken "with a great swoounding and daseling in our heads" and were compelled to open the door, two or three of them having fallen insensible. "After the master, when we were come to ourselves againe, gave every one of us a little wine to comfort our hearts."

By December the cold was so severe that the sailors' shoes froze as hard as horn and they were compelled to make slippers "ye upper part being sheepskins, which we put on over three or four pair of socks." Yet even this plan was only partly successful for as they sat about the fire "we burnt our hose before we could feele the heate, so that we

had work enough to do to patch our hose, and which is more if we had not sooner smelt than felt them, we should have burnt them ere we had known it."

On clear days when the air was still they would emerge with their "rudges" on their feet and look up at the stars that in their ordered stations moved round above the north pole, above the far-stretching resonant wastes. No snow-muffled shrub, no snow-bearing fir-tree broke the white outline. The crisp, sparkling light from the path of the Milky Way, whether they looked toward land or sea, fell only upon ice and snow, snow and ice. The stars were alone familiar, were the same stars that transformed into silver sheeting the leaded roof of the Oude Kirk at Amsterdam. Still the cold increased rather than diminished and sitting over their driftwood fire they discussed its intensity, reckoning in their rustic fashion "that if they stood a barrel full of water without the doore, it would in one night freeze from the top to the bottom."

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By the end of December they "put each other in good comfort that the sun was then about half over and ready to come to us againe." They were eager to note the first change in the wind "and thrust half a pike out of the chimney with a little cloth or feather upon it," but they had to watch its initial movements with great care, for a few seconds after its exposure their primitive weather cock was frozen immovable.

On Twelfth-night they made merry, having persuaded Heemskerk to

allow the cook to make "pancakes with oyle" and ration out to them a little wine so that they might drink to the Three Kings, "giving thanks that the hardest time of the winter was past, being in good hope that we should live to talk of those things at home in our own country."

Then at last, with the coming of spring, the sun reappeared and they knew the worst of their forlorn vigil was over. They revisited the ice-locked ship, and found that the bears had kept "an evil favoured house therein." Their release made them merry and they gamboled together for exercise "for we had a long time sitten dull."

On April seventeenth they saw open water and a little bird swimming therein, "but as soon as it espied us it dived under the water." It was apparent to all that the ship could never be refloated and they employed their time in getting seaworthy their two open herring-boats in which they proposed, under the tuition of God, to return to their own country. They raised the gunwales and fitted them and calked them. "We made full account we had a long troublesome voyage in hand." In these two frail crafts they would have to sail fifteen hundred miles over the open sea. After their winter's deprivation they were so weak they could hardly persevere with the work, and would not have done so had they not known that to stop offered the dismal alternative of becoming, as Heemskerk reminded them, burghers of Novaya Zemlya.

With infinite labor they made ready a track along which they could drag their boats to the water's edge. With hatchets and shovels

they leveled the "knobbes and hilles of ice." On July thirteenth they had all in readiness and went back for the last time to their lodging to fetch William Barents who was lying sick there in his bunk. The good pilot, before he left the house, wrote a letter which he put into a musket charge and hanged it up in the chimney "shewing how we came out of Holland to sail to the kingdom of China . . . but if any man chanced to come thither they might know what had happened unto us, and how we had been forced in our extremity to make that house, and had dwelt ten months therein." Much goods and much gear they were compelled to leave behind—their great iron-wheeled clock, pots and pans, ropes and spars.

Glad as they were to leave "that wild, desert, irksome, fearfull, and cold country" there were still appalling difficulties to be surmounted. "In drowsie miseling weather, whereby we were all dankish and wet," they made their way up the east coast of Novaya Zemlya. When they rounded Ice Point, Barents was already so weak that he had to be lifted up to see the bleak headland which he had been the first pilot to circumnavigate. In a few more days he was dead. "The death of William Barents put us in no small discomfort, as being the chiefe guide and onely pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God." Their progress was slow. They were often compelled to drag their boat onto floating masses of ice. But this in itself was no easy matter. It was necessary first to fasten ropes on the treacherous bergs "and no man, like the tale of the mise, durst hang the

bell about ye cat's neck." The perils they encountered in the open waters were often as great: "the waves went so hollow that it was most fearful and we thereby saw nothing but death before our eyes, and every twinkling of an eye looked when we should sincke." Once they observed hundreds of walruses lying upon a floating island of ice: "we sailed close by them and drave them from thence, which had cost us deare for they, being mighty strong fishes and of great force swam towards us, as if they would be revenged on us for the dispiht that we had done them . . . it was not wisely done for us to wake sleeping wolves."



On they sailed across that desolate ocean "with a good gale of wind out of the east and east north-east, so that we gest that betweene every mealetide we sailed eighteene miles." Well can we understand the relief they felt when at last they saw upon the coast of Russia green trees. They had been like cattle stalled away, separated from intercourse with their kind, and merely to view human beings again was a sufficient reward. "We were much comforted to see the Russians, for that in thirteene months that we departed from John Cornelison we had not seen any man, but only monstrous and cruell wild beares; for then we were in some comfort to see that we had lived so long to come in company of men againe."

By the end of October they had reached Amsterdam. The talk of their return was soon bruited about the city. Prince Maurice happened to be entertaining the Ambassador

of the King of Denmark at dinner and when the news of their arrival reached the palace he summoned them at once to his table so that he might hear from their lips the story of their adventures. And the twenty-two surviving mariners were led into his presence still wearing their uncouth garments, "our caps furd with white foxes" and there in the presence of their Stadholder "we made rehearsall of our journey both forwards and backwards."

Two hundred and seventy-five arctic winters passed over the small, abandoned house on Ice Haven, and then in 1871 Captain Carlsen, a certain Norwegian skipper, having ventured to that far coast, came upon it still standing in frozen preservation as it had been left. There was the great clock with its rusty wheels, there were the pots and pans, the abandoned tools, the note of William Barents in the powder horn with its writing still legible. These tangible relics of the expedition were brought back to Holland and are to-day carefully protected in Amsterdam.

Last summer, when I visited the city, I saw nothing that moved me so deeply as this collection of oddly assorted objects salvaged from the deserted habitation. Especially, perhaps, was my imagination stirred by a bundle of tallow candles that had remained over from those that had served to give a homely light to these brave men in their outer darkness. "It being a weary time for us to bee without the sunne and to want the greatest comfort that God sendeth unto man, heare upon earth, and that rejoyceth every living thing."

DESTINY COMES TO NEW ENGLAND

A Study in Historical Perspective

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

I ARRIVED at Thomaston, Connecticut, on the late train. The town's single taxicab took me through the shaded streets and up Academy Hill, where I could make out the dark outlines of cottages and newly paved streets through the dusk. I felt a slight resentment at this progress which, as it were, built upon the graves of the past. At any rate, the roads to the farm were little changed. The driver put his motor into second gear for the long climb. Above the whirr of the engine I could hear water splashing over the ruined mill-dam of the Brickyard.

Why I returned to New England I do not know. It was not precisely that nostalgia for one's childhood which draws one back to familiar scenes made precious by association. There was a little of this longing, it is true, for I am somewhat of a sentimentalist where my childhood is concerned, even though it was not a particularly happy one. Yet in my return I felt that there was more than whimsical indulgence. Change—that destroyer bearing the banner of progress—had been at work, leaving the countryside more and more impoverished of those characteristics I had come to believe typical of New England. Consequently, I was viewing something much wider in scope

than a mere decline of childhood scenes.

Try as one will to deny it, the real New England has degenerated into a Mecca for tourists. Winter and summer they come, making the yearly income from this source alone sixty million dollars and the temporary increase in population, during the summer months, over twenty-five per cent. This means that two million people come each summer *to enjoy* the endowments of nature (how impossible it was for the old New Englander *to enjoy* nature!) and to look upon the gravestones of the past. In our progressive times, in New England, humans *use* nature; while formerly, nature, as it were, *used* humans!

Worldly minds have debated the precise significance of change in New England as elsewhere. Each of these minds, so it seems, derives a unique import in the simple fact that *this* had become *that*. Most of them, however, find it incontestable that transition in New England is synonymous with progress. Yet in their researches, it occurs to me, they have also proved another thesis, but have neglected to state it. In fine, all that they have said makes evident the truth that the provincial has become the national. This is the significant

fact about the New England of today. And its further significance lies in the dismaying revelation that what was unique and provincial is either dying or dead, and that that New England which was properly an entity worthy of the name, is on the decline.

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The next morning I looked out the kitchen window and saw that the chestnut-trees had been cut down in a patch of wood north of the house, which we called "The Chestnuts." My mother explained that the trees had become so old and dry that it was necessary to cut them down and saw them into firewood. Years before they had died of the blight, a disease which killed almost all the chestnut-trees (except horse-chestnut) in the northeast. After that they stood, stripped of bark and lifeless, among the growing oaks and maples.

I sat down to a breakfast of whole-wheat cereal with heavy cream, scrambled eggs with creamed potatoes and sausage, melted cheese on French toast, apple pie and savory coffee. Mother had eaten breakfast earlier, but she drank a cup of Postum with me while we talked of the past. How, indeed, could one talk of anything but the past with such a breakfast?

After breakfast I walked down the drive, past the lilac bushes trembling slightly in the morning breezes. They seem most fragrant at that time, when they are still a trifle wet with the dew. I breathed deeply, inhaling the nostalgic sweetness of their aroma. They reminded me, somehow, of dignified old ladies in silk dresses—blossoms blending into

hues of purple and lavender against the deep green of the heart-shaped leaves. Some of the peonies were blossomed and I stooped to run my fingers across the velvet texture of their red petals. The hollyhocks were not yet in bloom, but within a few weeks their nodding, poppy-like flowers would furnish decorative backgrounds for butterflies.

In the freshness of the morning I walked by old farms taken over by the new generation of agriculturists. Once or twice I was greeted with a "How'd do," or a "Howdy," but even those typical salutations had given way to such expressions as "Hello," and "Good morning." These instances, insignificant in themselves, are typical of innumerable changes through which the provincial has by a subtle process become the universal or, at least, the national. What in the future might be termed provincial aspects of New England might also be termed provincial aspects of the Middle West. The decline of New England marks the ascent of the United States. Ours is a nationally collectivistic era in which the part is subservient to the whole.

That New England was unique, boasting a particular literature, a particular type of being, and even particular standards of morals, goes without dispute. The original settlers, as even the most backward school-child knows, were Puritans from England. This having been the case, it might be said that they had achieved something of the tempo of New England before coming to these shores. When they did come over, the environment awaited them, to harden the mold and posit the nature. The settlers found a gruff New

England and a stubborn soil, conquerable only through monotonously hard manual labor, day in and day out. They worked so hard by day on the rocky fields of their hill farms that they found no time in which to develop an appreciation for the beauty of that country. They came home at night, weary, with gnarled hands and with aching backs. They sat down at the supper table by lamplight and found a comforting enjoyment in warm food. They said little because—since work was their sustenance—speech seemed so futile. Their wives—who had at first observed a sympathetic silence—had become almost as terse and matter-of-fact as their husbands. Their children remained silent through fear. The New Englander has been famous for his economy of words, for his gruffness, and for his shrewd mind in business ventures. These qualities, native to New England, were the direct results of environmental conditions.

Bearing in mind the exigencies of his life it is easy to understand the New Englander's approach to religion. His was a monotheistic religion. Jehovah was decidedly the God of New England just as he was the God of the Hebrews. The Trinity never has been (until recently) the particular concern of Protestantism. Christ and the Holy Ghost were merely Biblical figures to the New Englander. The Nazarene's theology did not concern him, for his own theology was that of the stern Jehovah of the Old Testament. His God was a stern and righteous God who punished sin mercilessly and gave an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. To New England, that

grim figure was the only conceivable deity.

The women of New England made it their ideal to complement their husbands. Their religion was perhaps more humane, but they tried not to make this obvious (their *duty* came before their own ideas of life) and sometimes succeeded in being less merciful than their husbands. However, as it was their privilege to be modest and feminine, so it was their privilege to admire a sunset or an orchard in bloom. Burdened with the cares of farmers' wives they yet found time to tend flower-beds, to trim hedges, to cultivate the peonies and the hollyhocks. Led by fate into a colorless existence they often became grim and short of words, yet their feminine estheticism was never subdued; it found expression if only in an embroidered counterpane.

When I think of the women of New England I remember the aroma of warm bread. It was true of them that they accepted uncomplainingly the lot of farmers' wives. One heard of few divorce scandals in those days. Marital trouble was so rare that it achieved tremendous importance when it did appear. I do not say that New England women were happy. On the contrary, I believe that, in their case, an outward calm hid an inner restlessness. Women have more profound expectations of life than men and they are not so easily satisfied. But *those* women knew inherently the wisdom of resignation.

Indeed, one might say that stoicism was a predominant quality of New England. Whatever doctrines of faith the inhabitants may have professed, at heart they were fatalists. "What will be will be," was not

only an axiom to them, it really summed up their philosophy. They knew little of laughter and little of tears. Happiness never freed them from themselves and sorrow was a silence too fatal to have been disturbed by weeping.



Contemporary life has all but destroyed that typical New Englander. The new citizen has modern ideas, a modern home and a modern religion. When he laughs he does so without restraint. When sorrowful his sadness—if it be a bit pathetic—is apparent. And at the last, when he is dead he is buried not in the family graveyard behind an old pasture, in the shade of pine-trees, with his ancestors, but in the town cemetery, under a modern tombstone.

From the population of nine hundred thousand which New England boasted in 1783 to the eight million of the present census, is a considerable jump, even over a century. Still more significant than the fact of its position on the Eastern shores, making it relatively accessible to immigrants from abroad, also making it *the* base for shipping, was the invasion of industrialism after 1830. Immediately after the patent office was about to close for lack of inventions, industrialism began its historical ascent to power over middle-class New England landowners. However, it is inconceivable that a character such as that of New England should submit readily to change, and it is not surprising that the change should not have been completed until the turn of the twentieth century. Nor is it surprising that even now, one occasionally finds a left-over from the old tradition, an

old lady in lavender, tending her hollyhocks, or an old man whose Calvinistic mind is not at all amenable to the new order of things.

Industrialism is, of course, the child of invention, and a child who proved to be extremely precocious during the course of the nineteenth century. One has only to compare the ride of Paul Revere with the earliest railroads and telegraphs to perceive the tremendous possibilities of industrialism. The telegraph, the railroads, telephones and so forth, afforded, more and more, a ready means of communication which, in turn, made the hardness of the natural environment less formidable. Added to this, invention resulted in centers of industry throughout New England, centers which immediately made it possible for the New Englander to escape the hard lot to which he had been resigned. This is most important since without the closed-in force of environment which preceded industrialism, there could have been no New England. Earlier in this paper I have discussed at some length the character of the true New Englander and have tried to make apparent that he was undeniably the result of certain environmental conditions. It follows, as a matter of course, that industrialism should prove a disintegrating influence and this, we find, has been true. Just as ease of communication served to diminish the vernacular of a rural people, so industrialism, bringing with it the railroad, the printing-press and so forth, tended to make life universally similar and robbed New England of that unique, provincial quality which was its singular possession. Industrialism has not

only menaced provincialism; it has destroyed it in all save the most remote districts!

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the *closed-in* force of environment and the conflict which industrialism brought about, especially with its pet child, the American factory. Throughout the nineteenth century, even while emancipated from the natural environment, there was yet a spiritual environment from which the New Englander did not wholly free himself until the close of the century. (It must be remembered in connection with this, that the farmer was still bound by his environment until the latter part of the nineteenth century; there are specimens still existing in remote districts.) Once a people have developed a particular philosophy and a specific tradition they are most reluctant to part from them. This was especially true of New England because of the simple austerity of its philosophy, a *closed-in* doctrine of one God, one morality, and that final acceptance of destiny, "what will be will be." This was not a cloak worn in a cold environment which it could doff in a warmer climate. It was much more innate than that. It was human nature; and human nature, as Joseph Conrad once so aptly expressed it, is not amenable to persuasion. The particular nature which New England developed was strong enough to withstand industrialism for some time. Indeed, while industrialism was still young the New England tradition continued to strengthen and found its peak only around the middle of the nineteenth century, perhaps even a bit later. Certain it is that after

Emily Dickinson had carried the Emerson motif to its ultimate realization (I do not mention Walt Whitman in connection with Emerson because Whitman's departure from Emerson was not chiefly from Emerson's New England limitations) and Hawthorne had done all that might be done with the novel from a Puritan point of view, the disintegration of what was essentially New England set in and the new order of things came to the fore.

Coincident with the beginning of industrialism there was the influx of large numbers of foreigners: Irish, German (1840 to 1850) and, subsequently, Poles, Czechs, Russians and so on. They, too, played their part in the disintegration of New England in spite of the old superstition that the Anglo-Saxon creature possesses a unique nature which cannot be influenced except for the bad. This, of course, was sheer nonsense. (One has only to reflect momentarily to perceive that a Latin influence is precisely what the Anglo-Saxon needs to save him from emotional sterility.) The fact remains that foreigners, during the course of a century, have been assimilated by natives in New England. The result has been to produce, what might be expected, a different type of being. The assimilation of a new people is never effected without the natives experiencing at least subtle and almost imperceptible changes among themselves. Whether these changes be for better or for worse is beside the point. They are real and, even in this age, they are manifest.

The old New Englander fought a losing fight with his gruff environ-

ment. The contemporary settler reaps enviable harvests. Not, to be sure, without work. There never has been, nor is there now, an opportunity at all inviting to the man who is afraid of work. The Plymouth Rock, which is possibly the most popularly known breed of poultry in New England, has never been known to lay golden eggs. Nevertheless the new farmer has it much easier than the old. He has been educated at the Agricultural college. He tills the soil with scientific implements. He has studied various loams and their needs. He subscribes to modern farming journals and listens to weather reports each day over the radio. Even Jack Frost is thwarted! He markets his produce not only to local stores but also to nearby cities, thus netting something resembling an income—an income, in fact, which allows him the pleasure of the theater, a car and winter travel. Certainly, then, it is evident that this farmer bears no resemblance to his predecessor.

Turning to the townspeople we find an even more devastating change. The New Englander of the town is much the same as any other middle-class suburbanite. His life is easy and he is contented. He has his family, his radio, his car and his political tendencies. There is nothing in the smooth tempo of his life to inspire philosophy; consequently, he has none unless one would call the tenets of the Eddie Guest school a philosophy. Certain it is that this sentimental contentment is quite unlike the vital austerities of the Concord School. It will be at once suggested that the two are parallel and the reply to that would be that

there is actually no parallel whatsoever. The creed of the present day New Englander might be: "I have hopes to get ahead (materially, mind you) but meanwhile everything is quite tolerable." Now then, compare that to the philosophy of the old New Englander, that philosophy which resolved itself into "what will be will be," a creed which accepted unquestioningly the frustrations of the environment, and which, finally and inevitably, rejected the creed of material progress as being beneath the dignity of the human soul. The distinction is so obvious that it is to be wondered that only the minority has discovered it.

The change that has befallen the New England woman is somewhat the same in so far as the new attitude is concerned; but, in addition to this, she has become, without a doubt, as much a modern woman as her metropolitan sister. The female of the species, in city or country, possesses a subtle cleverness that formerly hid itself behind the delicate, fragile leaves of the clinging vine. More and more, this resourcefulness (for this is, after all, a predominantly feminine trait) becomes apparent. It resolves itself into a worldliness—that gradual reaching for freedom which typifies the modern woman. In the old New England, wifehood constituted an ideal. In the new it constitutes a compromise!

Thanks to modern science, the "good wife," even if she happens to be wedded to a farmer, has a comparatively easy time of it. More often than not she has a car of her own and afternoons find her attending a *matinée* in the nearest city, or visiting with friends. Her duties, once

such drudgery, have become merely the necessity of turning on the switch of the electric oven, or running over the room with a vacuum-cleaner. Where her predecessor worked fourteen and more hours a day, she works five or six. In her free time she attends the theater, goes to lectures or reads books. She is infinitely less resourceful *as a woman*, but much more so as a human being, that is to say, in the practical sense. In fine, she is no longer utterly dependent on man. This brings us to what is perhaps the most radical of all changes: when this modern wife is dissatisfied with marital conditions she sues for divorce.

Religion, as a matter of course, is more lax than it was in the past. As for the one God, he has given way to the various modern explanations of the Trinity, and religion itself is more practical than spiritual. For confirmation of this fact one has but to compare the Puritan conception of God with that of the present day. The Puritan God made of life a severe test of the soul; the modern God makes life progressive, not so much a test for the soul as an opportunity for the soul to progress—only, unfortunately, genuine spirituality is not progressive. This word can hardly apply to matters of essence; it belongs more accurately to the world of material things and I fear that that is where one will most likely find the religion of the present day.

On the whole, it may be seen that although family life has become increasingly more pleasant, more tolerable, it has lost something in austerity. In the old régime, life was compressed into such limits that its only means of expansion were verti-

cal, as exemplified, let us say, in the transcendentalism of Emerson and in the poems of Emily Dickinson. Nowadays there is no such compression and, consequently, there is the chance for expansion outward, that is to say, horizontally, an almost irresistible departure for the average human creature with his notorious, gregarious weaknesses. He prefers, with that judicious common sense for which he is famous, the ample warmth of earth to the cool, transcendental austerities.

At the present day it is hard to conceive of a literary artist, respected as a genius, devoting page after page in a novel to protest against nude statues. It is likewise hard to conceive of a master of characterization portraying a descendant of a faun and of degenerate Italian nobility, who is possessed of the conscience of a Puritan. Yet Hawthorne is guilty of these offenses and of many others—and as to his genius, critical opinion leaves hardly a doubt. Even a genius found himself unable to rise above the stress of New England! Many others tried it; Emerson for one. Emily Dickinson for another. Yet in mentioning these three I mention three whose genius sufficed to emancipate them somewhat from the environment, so that we are able to enjoy the austerity of their work in the present age and are not troubled too often with prudishness, as we are with most of the New England authors. What they might have been without the environment we dare not say, for both their greatest and their meanest traits as artists may be ascribed tentatively to the rigidity of their surroundings. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the Puritan

influence still prevailed. Henry James, feeling oppressed, fled to Europe. Mark Twain bravely set up his establishment in Hartford, making his Asylum Avenue home a stop-over for the literati of Boston. But in spite of his courage and his greatness, there is present in all but his best work a trace of that Puritan background which was his literary heritage. Howells, too, along with the majority of his contemporaries, bore traces of degenerate Puritanism, a Puritanism eminently to be less respected than the original. It remained for the literary artists who belonged essentially to the twentieth century really to contemplate New England objectively.

Among contemporaries who write or have written of New England the most striking fact is that their writings are entirely retrospective. O'Neill's tragedies objectify a New England that has become somewhat of a legend (since historical fact is so incomprehensible out of its own day) and Robert Frost has done the same thing in poetry. There is, in fact, a steadily increasing literature of New England which is treating of that environment in perspective, which is discovering in frustration, in resignation and in austere concepts of God, all the elements of great art. Edna St. Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell and Edwin Arlington Robinson have all contributed to this new literature. I refer the curious to O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," a drama of a degenerate New England; Robinson's poems; Amy Lowell's beautiful tribute to the past, "Lilacs"; Frost's "North of Boston" and Edna St. Vincent Millay's poetry. In the writings of any of these authors one is

able to see New England in perspective, to allow it that respect which is its due, perhaps even to experience a momentary homesickness for its uniqueness.

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Returning from my walk I saw an old farm-house, its clapboards shaking in the wind, with a "For Sale" sign tacked to the porch. Its architecture was colonial and one could see that it must have been at one time the home of a proud family of New Englanders. There were no traces of modernization on either the house or the outbuildings, and evidently this fact made its sale uncertain. The dingy white palings of the garden fence were worn and some of them had fallen, through lack of repairs. I walked through a gap in the fence and followed a brook that led by an old pasture. At the end of this pasture, where the brook went into a ravine, I found the family graveyard. The most recent stone was marked 1899. Several of the stones had been knocked down or else had shifted further into the ground. I stooped down in the shade of the old pine-trees to read the epitaphs. They brought to mind something definitely provincial. They epitomized all that I might have said of New England.

I walked home again, over the hills, feeling content with the purple horizons. At any rate, I thought, New England is still New England in perspective. But an airplane, headed for Bethany Field, soon relieved me of that pleasant delusion. I went home and told Mother that I was returning to New York in the morning.

That night we did not turn on the radio. Instead, Mother sat down at

the piano and played "Ben Bolt." I remembered beautiful, shy ladies gathering roses—yellow, pink, red, and white roses—in the drowsy sunshine of June. I remembered a New England before the motor-car, or the radio, or the electric lights. I remembered a New England that is now all but forgotten, that has become a legend, a poem.

Why, indeed, should any one remember? Electric lights are far superior to oil lamps—yet I recall how the latter were placed in a row on the kitchen shelf and how, at nine o'clock or so (because of physical weariness) one took a lamp and went to bed. Motor-cars are indispensably quick and convenient—yet I remember prim ladies with dresses of purple silk that swished as they stepped into the carriage to drive to church. The radio has brought the best of music (and also the worst, unfortunately) to remote farms—yet I recall the old parlor organ and my mother and father singing songs about *Ben Bolt*, *Nellie Grey*, and a little boy named Bobby who had a sled.

Modern theology has neglected the immortal soul; to the average mind, I suppose, beefsteak and progress are more tangible symbols than the old references to God's wrath; but to those of us who have recognized the "duplicity" of the infinite, there is a tendency to look back upon the austerities almost with longing—and this is true especially of those whose courtesy forces them to listen to the dribble which is preached from most of the pulpits in New England to-

day. Contemporary life has made for progress, indeed, and it has been that most obvious progress which your modern citizen thrills to; yet in the onward march something has been lost and that something was New England.

Each improvement in New England is another death blow to its original character. I was glad to return to New York so that I would not be compelled to observe this transition. I have no quarrel, really, with the modernizing process through which the provincial becomes the national. "What must be must be," is a good axiom and I am forced to repeat it. But my sympathy is with that New England which did not join, because it could not join, that onward march of progress. The dead do not march! I remember very well those chestnuts that seemed like silver ghosts of trees with grotesque trunks, and limbs that were intricate fingers complaining to the moon. But that is a gesture that the true New Englander never would have allowed himself.

It has been said that death is beautiful. Dying, also, is beautiful, but it is so only in perspective. That is why I prefer at the moment to be in New York. I have a bowl of lilacs on my table and their fragrance is New England. They will live for days yet; they are hardy flowers. But some time they, too, will be gone and I shall remember their purple eloquence as I might the flowers upon a corpse. Where life was there is death. No more profound a transition may be imagined.

A FRIEND

LEWIS COLWELL

I was a sheaf of fears
But garmented
To bear the splendid semblance
Of a man;
Then one day I met God
And compact made
Of friendship
To be lasting as life's span.

I kept mine badly—
He failed not in His—
And when War's gore-stained kennels
Loosed their horde,
He, hating battle
Less than cowardice,
Helped me to buckle on
My shining sword.

And on a day
Death rode a hurtling shell
That could not pass me by
In its mad race,
He held His wounded hands
Before my eyes;
So that I saw no line
Of Death's dark face.

And on this spinning sphere
Where I had dwelt,
Save for His helping,
Fear's tight-fettered slave,
He let them write—
In letters hewn from stone—
Above my head—
"Perished Among the Brave."

TABLE TALK

NEVER since the Renaissance has art patronage been as powerful and generous as it now is in America. Liberal as the Medicis undoubtedly were, their lifetime disbursements probably do not equal the huge sum expended annually by the patrons of American art. One thinks of the Whitney, Flagler, Kahn and Guggenheim fortunes, devoted to the purchase of paintings, pottery and sculpture—or to the direct support of creative artists by means of endowments and fellowships. And for every millionaire patron, there are a hundred less wealthy purchasers who contribute their tithe to the flood of American art patronage.

Such patronage argues not merely a money surplus, but an educated and directed interest in native art and artists. There have always been rich men who cared nothing for art, and poor men who cared too much. But to-day we are getting a fertilizing fusion of money, appreciation and talent, a happy combination that is having noticeable effect upon contemporary art. The traditional theory that art flourishes most luxuriantly under intelligent patronage is about to receive its grandest proof since the days of Lorenzo.



CIGARETTE manufacturers have learned that mild blends of native tobacco sell very much faster than heavy Turkish and Egyptian, even when allowing for the difference in price. One hundred billion mildly blended cigarettes were consumed in 1927—twice as many as were smoked in 1922.

Simple deductions from these facts would indicate that we like our cigarettes oftener and milder. Which seems to be the beginning of a general definition of our national culture. "Oftener and Milder!" Apply it to most of the things we do—eating, drinking, driving, celebrating, marrying. It holds, doesn't it? As close as a mere phrase can come to describing anything, "Oftener and Milder" just about describes the salient features of our American philosophy.



OUT where the car-tracks used to end in a tangle of semi-rural brambles, the Town Airport now occupies the level stretch that was formerly a cow-pasture. The car-tracks were torn up years ago when the bus put the trolley lines out of existence. At one time the local high school thought of building a "stadium" out there, but nothing ever came of it. Finally, a group of air-minded citizens convinced the Board of Selectmen that if Balmville was to take its rightful place among the cities of the world, it must have an airport. So a couple of town shovelers were sent out there

with rakes to smooth the place off; a sign was erected; and now the whizzing tourist is informed that he is passing the Balmville Airport; The Largest Landing Field in Soskedora County.

Well, Balmville is right, pragmatically and ideally right. What though the only craft that has landed there thus far was the clumsy "Jenny" plane of a one-propeller "Air Circus"? What though the town fathers stubbornly refuse to appropriate two hundred dollars for pulling up the quack grass and field stone? Deep down in its rustic old heart Balmville is right. Smart paragraphers may laugh as much as they please—but just wait and see what happens ten years from now!



THE overburdened condition of our higher courts, which are running from two to four years behind their calendars, is due chiefly to the abuse of a precious right—the right of appeal. Originally, an appeal was a justifiable check upon the irrevocable decision of a court which had small sympathy with the humble appellant. When we were instituting our form of judicial procedure (which we borrowed largely from English sources) it seemed democratically wise to insure to the private citizen his right of appeal. Theoretically, it still seems wise, but a scrutiny of any court calendar will show that in an overwhelming percentage of cases the appeal is poorly supported and scarcely justifiable. Justice is delayed, the court machinery is needlessly clogged, and the dignity of the lower tribunal is seriously impaired. Furthermore, it is so expensive to appeal a case, that the rich man has a decided advantage in this legal maneuver. It would seem equitable, therefore, to make the decisions of the lower court more rigorous and binding, and to withhold the privilege of appeal unless considerations of grave importance were advanced by the appellant. The machinery which regulates this matter of appeals from a lower to a higher court seems to be out of gear, and might well be overhauled by a commission of our best legal mechanics.



MOST lives—even the lives of great men—remind us chiefly that there are huge and recurrent lapses in their actual achievement, and extensive lacunas in their positive living. Take for example the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Even his biographer cannot tell us what he was doing for ten years after leaving college. What occupied Tennyson between 1832 and 1840? Woodrow Wilson between 1885 and 1900? It would be just as absurd to say that they were doing nothing, as to contend that they were preparing themselves for the work that lay ahead of them. Actually, no man knows that he is destined for immortality or high office; he only

knows that he is living from year to year, storing up accumulated energies and experience, waiting and hoping that his chance will come. And after ten years have slipped past in this fashion, an embarrassing gap is observed by biographers and other clear-sighted gentlemen who see the great man's life in convenient perspective.

"Am I getting anywhere?", "Why doesn't something happen to me?" and "Am I under the sod already?" are questions that Hawthorne and Woodrow Wilson were putting to themselves at the age of thirty-five, Zola at thirty, Napoleon at twenty, Jackie Coogan at sixteen, and perhaps the present Reader, and the Writer at all ages. For this last unhappy pair, consolation lies in the spectacle of many an immortal who passed through a decade or a quarter century without apparent achievement or progress. Something is going on, of course, but it's a something that doesn't show in letters, actions, speeches, bank balances or published volumes. Life is idling at half-speed; there is a slack in the time and tide of our affairs, we speak in gray monotones, and even a sympathetic biographer will be unable to trace the vague outlines of our utterance.



PERSONS with a flair for alliterative speculation might possibly tell us what has become of the old Three-B Club, frequented in other days by the *what'll-you-have-gentsia*. At the Three-B Club, national problems were solved amid purple fumes of smoke and language, females entered not, and the "Police Gazette" was standard literature. A branch of the club stood at almost every corner, there was no admission fee, no membership dues, and the membership was greater than all combined lodges and fraternal organizations in America.

The late lamented Three-B Club, was the bibulous trilogy of Billiards, Bowling and Bar, where, as the poet tells us,

"The absolute rule was to shoot Kelly pool
As you chewed on a nickel cigar."

Respected members of our leading professions have at various times been inducted into the Three-B membership. Some, it is true, have preferred nine-ball to Kelly pool; and others with insurgent tendencies have chosen to bowl at duck-pins instead of the orthodox candle-pins. But these were mere peccadilloes, conceits airier than dandelion-puff, and no bar to honest brotherhood in the Three-B ranks. Of late, however, the Three-B lads have disappeared. Golf, squash, old age, what not, have bitten deep into the ranks. The old club-houses are gone; soda-fountains and lending libraries have taken their places; the cue-ball and candle-pin

molder, and the shiny instep (badge preferential of the initiate) are seen no more in the land.



"MACHINE AGE" is a fairly obvious nomenclature for our present era; in reality, this is the Vicarious Age. The Beebes, Byrds and Lindberghs, the Luckners, Fords and Lawrences get all the fun and adventure; the rest of us stay at home and get most of the comfort and safety. But there are cravings that hot showers and policed streets cannot satisfy; while the pole-star beacons the adventurer on his outbound cruise, we chafe by the steam-radiator and look at the rotogravure pictures of heroes, or scour the magazine sections for written accounts of their romantic adventurings. *We have delegated to our spiritual vicars the thrilling business of adventure.* And when a hundred million people permit a few men to live dangerously or interestingly for them, the vicarious faculty is sufficiently developed to warrant an era being named after it.



PRISON administration is at best a melancholy theme. Society shuns all thought of the lugubrious buildings and the sullen inmates serving out their penal deaths. But it is gratifying to know that despite the general abhorrence of anything connected with prisons, a few individuals and organizations devote most of their energies to the improvement of prison conditions and to the amelioration of the prisoners' wretched lot.

Such an organization is the Prison Association of New York, which for eighty-three years has worked unceasingly to improve the prisons of New York State. The 1928 report of this association is a document of vast social importance. Its recommendations of a psychiatric clinic for the study of crime factors; its introduction of compensation laws for prisoners permanently injured while laboring in penal institutions; and its insistence upon further advances in prison hygiene are evidences of our changing attitude toward the criminal.

Slowly but certainly we are approaching Samuel Butler's conception of crime and its treatment. In "Erewhon" Butler suggests that criminals be sent to hospitals and be treated by doctors until they "recover." The criminal is a sick man—that much is now admitted—and thanks to the efforts of patient Prison Associations, society is picking up some elementary ideas about his treatment and cure.

WAS A MAJOR

You See, She Thought She Loved Him

LLEWELLYN HUGHES

YES, I killed him. Drilled a hole between his eyes. Put him out of his misery. And with the same shot I believe I put her out of her misery too. Leastways, that's what I had in mind. The woman. Oh, it's not a thing to boast about; but I'm glad I did it and when the time comes I'm ready to face my Maker and take the medicine he's got in store for me. Well—here's how.

Strange what a man sets out to be—what he hopes for—what he thinks he'd like to become—and what he *does* become. I remember as a kid I wanted to be a doctor, comfort people, cure 'em of their ills. Somewhere along the trail that got knocked out of me. Funny, isn't it? Money spent on a lad at college—all that sort of thing—for nothing. I quit Cambridge overnight, got the yen to go out West with a gang of surveyors—stayed two years on the prairie—that irrigation job for the C. P. R.—snowstorms—mosquitoes—black flies—alkali water—the bad lands. Oh, well—there it is.

Drank like a fool in Calgary until I met a girl. Now there's another funny thing. There ought to be some sort of a law, some algebraic formula, let's say, to figure these matters out for a fellow. The brain isn't

quite good enough. One doesn't know for sure, one can't be positive about things. As I look back something seems to tell me I'd have been all right if she and I had pulled together, trod life's path as they say; if I'd been a bit more determined, for instance; hadn't accepted her refusal—the gentle shaking of her head, that's all it was. But, Lord! there's no telling. Maybe it wouldn't have panned out at all. How is one to know? Now here I am, fallen from degree, one of His Majesty's late officers, bumming round Shanghai and waiting till the Reaper bundles me up in a tarpaulin jacket. Have a drink and pass the bottle.

But there's one thing they can't take away from me. Look here, war is a futile thing, a damnable business; men speaking one language killing men because they speak another; all the brains of a nation back of them; men, millions of them, who if left alone would be friendly enough with one another; decent, church-loving individuals, humane, kindly, getting a little drunk now and then, slaving day after day so as to bring up their kiddies properly. Yes, war is a decadent thing; a hark-back to barbarism—always has been, always will be, no matter which way you look at it; a hell of a commentary on

our vaunted civilization. Social culture, eh? The Paris dressmakers can order that; and the Germans wouldn't have made such a bad mess out of it if they'd won the war. Civilization? A smug, mouthing word for the ranters, the demagogues and the parsons is that. Well—here's looking at you.

But I'll tell you something. To be a good soldier is about as fine a thing as a man can want. Once you're in uniform, once you're forced, pushed, compelled and trained to go to war—it's something to go through with it nobly, to take the worst with the best—if there is any best—to prove your courage, to fight with the knowledge that you are representing a cause—be it right or wrong—hell! what's it matter?—and to come through it creditably.

By Jove! nobody can take that away from me. "Major Tarrant," they say. "He's a bum. He's a derelict, drooling over a glass of grog in some low-down Shanghai dive. Major Tarrant! Look at him. He needs a bath, a wash, a shave. He's down at heel and out at elbow. Resorts with rats and women twice as bad. He's in the gutter—waiting for the end."

Well, maybe it's so. I've nothing left to live for. I'm gone inside—a victim of science and a thing called poison-gas—and no doctor on this earth can save me. But they didn't talk that way about me in the war. Oh no, my boy. They sang another tune then. And I've got that credit with me still—and nobody can ever take it away from me.

I was in Calgary when Sir Edward Grey thumbed his nose at the Kaiser.

There's another funny thing. I knew then, knew at once, that that was what I wanted to be most of all. I wanted to be a soldier. I'd been in charge of a survey gang out on the prairie. I knew how to handle men. Besides, I wanted to put thousands of miles between myself and a girl. Strange thing, that. A man loves a woman and because she doesn't happen to care for him in return he wants to go to the farthest ends of the earth, bury himself in some outlandish place and drink his memories soggy. Selfishness, that's what it is. Masculine conceit. We've only got to be scratched a little—even the worst of us—to find ourselves chock full of it. Why, even now—the other day—the slut I'm living with. . . . Oh! well—what's the use? We're too damned brittle where a woman's concerned. She can make a man or monkey out of us every time. Well—here's how.

Comes to that, I wasn't good enough for her. I knew that, right along. It was all the difference between Beelzebub—and an angel. She merely felt sorry for me, pitied me, because I loved her. I'd done her a slight service. There was a river, and during the spring when the snow and ice were melting it ran high and swept over some rapids. That's all it amounted to. She lost the paddle of her canoe, and I went in after her—landing up in the hospital. She came to see me once or twice. I'll never forget that. I'll never forget her eyes and that soft, quiet voice of hers. Lost my head completely—delirious half the time—told her I loved her—begged her to marry me—poured my heart out to her. Couldn't help myself. Fate was

dangling my one and only chance for happiness in front of my crazy eyes. There she was—a young, pale-faced woman—and I couldn't help reaching out for her. . . . With her beside me I could have accomplished anything—risen to prominence—achieved wealth, property—anything I wanted—anything—anything. Once in a lifetime a man meets a woman like that. Only once. A woman whom he knows will help to bring out the best in him and rid him of the worst. Oh well—all in a day, I suppose.

Lord! it's funny. Take the women themselves, for instance. You'd think the Lord God would have given 'em a proportion of intuition—a bit more sense than he gave a man—considering all they've got to go through, children and all that. But there it is. They've no better slant on life, human nature, than we have. Pick the wrong man likely as they'd pick the right one. Give their love, their confidence, and a life-long devotion to a thing that's not worth calling a man. That's what she did.

Fascinated by him, I suppose. Mesmerized—like a bird by a rattle-snake; for he was about as smooth and as dangerous: to women only, mark you. You see, I'd already heard something about him when I was in Calgary: tall and darkly handsome, flower in his coat, hat on one side—all that sort of business. He used to go from her into the lank arms of some moll. He was unpleasantly mixed up in a septic poisoning case—some girl who died in the hospital. He was smooth enough to get out of that mess—and shortly afterward she married him. Well—that's the way it goes.

I tried my damndest to put her out of my thoughts. I concentrated every minute of my time on being a soldier, rose from bombardier to corporal, then on to sergeant; in England they sent me to a cadet school, and when I rejoined my battery I held a commission. By the end of nineteen seventeen I'd been wounded four times, and as many times returned to France. In eighteen I wound up major of my guns.

There was hardly an original thing left in the battery then; neither gun, handspike, drag-rope, man nor officer; nothing save its *esprit de corps*. That remained. Six guns we were and we spat at half-second intervals, took a couple of seconds to reload, then spat again. Ho! I can tell you a few things about firing the guns, my boy. We were cursed by the adjacent batteries day and night, for we drew the enemy fire in an avalanche. But we got in our own licks, let me tell you. We caught his reinforcements coming in and scattered the shreds of them over the countryside, we blew his batteries up to heaven and hell and fertilized the earth with his gun-crews. Ho! I saw a bit of soldiering over in France, let me tell you—yes, by George! I did. Well—here's looking at you.

Yes, Sanctuary Wood and Paschendale and Vimy Ridge and Amiens. Arras in seventeen. Its smashed cathedral—like a piece of lace thrown up against the sky. Overhead, shells whining, screaming, howling, roaring—going east and going west. Street after street of empty, abandoned houses. The looter's paradise. Pull out a dresser drawer, look in the cupboard, ransack the cedar-chest, upstairs and

downstairs and in my lady's chamber. Reduced one of my best sergeants once for taking the miniature of a rare old Arras lady—found it in his haversack—made the blighter take it back and put it where he found it.

And there's another thing I often think about. The coming of dawn. An hour when you felt you were the only person left in a forgotten, ravished world—an hour when sounds seemed hollow, when your fellow-men seemed ghosts, when the earth was grayed by the shadow of the coming Reaper. Ho! that was the time to make your heart and nerve and sinew serve your turn, my boy!—when the sound of an approaching shell seemed to come right at you; when you realized that the enemy could fight as well as you, were equally as good artillerymen, and as brave.

Ho! I could talk for hours. Why, I could tell you of little bits of bravery—imperceptible actions to manifest one's courage—on the part of lads ill-qualified for war—small things that never earn a medal; and yet so fine, so human, so tremendous in their way, that I feel my ribbons ill become me.

Williams—hic—that was his name. Williams. Tall and dark and handsome. Small world, they say. Thousands of batteries in France, and he had to come to mine. Didn't know me, mind you—didn't know me from Adam. But I knew him. I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him. I didn't have to go to his papers to verify it. Williams. Lieutenant Williams.

Gad! I tried to like the man at

first; tried my damndest—for her sake. Figured that if he'd guts enough to leave her and the kid—there was a two-year-old child—there might be something to him after all. Hell! He'd come east to escape joining up—left her to take care of herself and the kid—deserted her after making her life a mockery—beaten her—and worse. Joined up? The army had got the sod in Montreal, conscripted him.

We were back near a place called Beaumetz when he came to us—out there on rest for a few days. Drank too much—all of us—and the rum opened Williams's yap. Told tales out of school about his women and the fascination he had for 'em. Thought himself no end of a smart fellow. But there, within sound of the guns, when a few stray shells began falling, it was easy to detect what manner of man he was. I knew what lay back of his stammering tone, his festive boasting. The man was a slacker, a sensualist and a dummy soldier.

So I got him alone the night before we went back into the line, fed him rum and urged him to talk. It wasn't difficult. He boasted of his lousy conquests, told me things about his wife—intimate things—that had me nearly crazy; how he won her, why he'd married her, the money she expected and now—in nineteen eighteen—had just received: the one reason he wanted to go back to her. Think of that! I could have taken him by the throat and strangled him. I don't know to this day how I managed to control myself. I went out into the night and threw my head up to the heavens, praying to God that the moment we got into

action a shell would blot him off the face of the earth. That's how hard it hit me. Pass the damned bottle.

That and his yellowness under fire. We were being pretty heavily shelled and were back of the front line a little, on a hill—a bad spot. The enemy knew we had a post there and they trained machine-guns on us. My signaler was killed. They got him through the heart, poor lad.

Yes, Williams. Gad! there we were, the two of us—alone. I'd forced him up there with me, mark you—almost had to drag him along. Now there we were—alone. The intake of his breath made a little whistle through his teeth. By George! there's one thing I can't condone, and that's a shivering coward. I tell you I was glad—yes, glad—when they got my signaler through the heart—for I hated to poison his youthful eyes with the sight of an officer gibbering and puling under fire.

And then I got to thinking. She was nothing to me, that's true. She still loved this thing that quaked and whined beside me—loved him God knows why—but loved him. And he intended to return to her, to make her life a further hell, to pretend he was true to her, to spend her money—pull the wool over her eyes in a thousand ways and one.

I remember yanking his head back to take a look at him. He was groveling on the ground. I never saw a more hideous sight. His lips were loose, shapeless. He was crouched up in a hole, trembling like a hunk of jelly.

Maybe I lost my senses. I don't know. The mere thought of a thing like that preserved by cowardice

when all around him men—real men—were going bravely to their death. . . . That drove me mad. The philosophy—call it what you will—God and his strange ways—was utterly beyond me. I took one final look at his face, then yanked out my revolver. I hope I did my duty. I think I did, but— Who's to say?

No, my boy, there are two institutions to which a man like me can cling to, two institutions the solid foundations of which will put him to rights: A good woman, and the army. Both represent rules and regulations which are binding, which should and must be adhered to. To flout the institution of either just isn't done, that's all—just isn't thought of. It's not regimental, not cricket. And the recognition of that means success and happiness and—promotion. Look at me! I became a major!

And as major I was father to many a lad. And many a lad I learned to love and watched him come and go. I never failed to try and make things easier for him, to buck him up and say a kindly word of cheer. Sometimes I'd come across him filling sand-bags. Sometimes, in the dead of night, I'd find him leaning on his gun, doing his guard duty.

"Hello, my lad," I'd say, "how goes it?"

"Nothing to report, sir."

"I mean about yourself, my lad. How goes it with you—and the heart that's in you?"

"Everything O.K., sir."

"That's the way to talk, my lad—and I know you mean it, too. Look here, let's get together—you and me. There's precious little difference between us. I'm major of this battery

and you are one of its gunners. We're both soldiers, my lad; both trying to give the best that's in us and face things bravely. You've likely got a girl back home—"

"I have, sir."

"Well, let me tell you something. You couldn't possibly do anything finer for her than what you're doing now. This is the true test of your love for her, my lad. Maybe, some day, you'll go back and marry her, rise in business and be a credit to your children. But remember this. Success is measured in terms of how a man overcomes his difficulties, the dangers that beset him. And right here—now you're in it—is the place to prove what you can do in that line.

"Oh, it may all sound like flapdoodle to you, my lad—when every minute of the night and day you're up against the risk of losing a leg, an eye or perhaps your life. But success doesn't necessarily mean living. You can find it gloriously in death—if it comes to that. Your love for that girl of yours doesn't have to be proved by going back and kissing her. I know, of course, that's the thing you hope to do, naturally. We all want to live. Live, and make our friends and those nearest and dearest to us—make them happy.

"But don't forget this, laddie. When you give up your life for a friend or sweetheart you've done something nobler than you could ever do by living. Not many crumbs of comfort in that, is there? But there it is. The sacrifice—if needs be—which you are perfectly willing to make for that girl of yours, for your home and country and the God that's in you—is the biggest thing in life

that you can do. If not, tell me what is bigger? Get the point?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here's my hand. Let's face whatever is in store for us, lad—face it with the consolation it's the biggest thing in life that we can do. Fact, my lad. Think it over."

That's the way I talked to my lads—restoring a little color to their pale and anxious faces, bringing a little light into the wistfulness of their eyes, helping them to bear their cross a little easier. Yes, many a hundred of 'em. Lads before battle, men during it, and heroes afterward whether they be dead or living. I hope they liked me for the love I bore them. I think they did—but there's no telling since most of them are gone. Well—there it is.

I'm out of the army now—so that's all finished. I've nothing to hold on to: neither good woman nor the uniform. That's me, my boy. Don't care to return to Canada in case I'd come across her somewhere. Got my discharge . . . shipped aboard a Tramp—hic—came here.

Killed him. Put him out of his misery and—hic—put her in the way of a bit of happiness—as I hope. Couldn't even write to her. You see, she thought she loved him. And to look into her eyes after what I'd done required more courage than I ever possessed. Some day—if what the parson says is true—she may understand and forgive me. Until then. . . well, hic, pass the bottle.

Empty, eh? Then it's time to call it a night. Give me a pull out of this chair, will you, my boy? Hic—till I get on these pins of mine. You see they're wooden—both of 'em. Thanks. Good night.

A MODERN'S SEARCH IN SCIENCE

Life Can Be Trusted at Every Step of the Way

S. T.

IT is our Western habit to think of Hindus as poets, philosophers, mystics, religious devotees and saints, but not as men of concrete fact, painstaking experiment and severely accurate analysis—in short, not as practical men of science. Yet if we study Indian history, we find that that great country has made some of the most important of all contributions to scientific knowledge. India was the pioneer in geometry, in arithmetic (we owe to her our science of numbers) and in astronomy—I remember being taken to see, near Delhi, what is supposedly the oldest observatory in the world.

And now we have the greatest scientist of plant life who has ever lived, a Hindu. Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose's work is, quite naturally, more widely known in Europe and England than in America. He made his first great impression at the Congress of Science in Paris in 1900, and has since lectured and taught extensively in European universities and at Oxford. During the three months between the time of his agreeing to do the article in this issue, and the time of its completion, he was stopped in Vienna, Munich and Cairo by the governments or special groups of scientists and students in those cities, who literally besieged—and

captured—him for lectures and demonstrations.

However, in the midst of all these pressing engagements, he scrupulously kept his word, summing up the almost unbelievably delicate experiments and tremendous deductions of a lifetime devoted to research in plant life.

The two leading points of this summary, to me, are: first, the sensitiveness of all matter and *the unity of all life*—here established not simply as a metaphysical ideal, but as a scientific fact. Identity of response to stimuli, on the part of minerals, plants, animals and mankind; kinship of consciousness, experience and behavior, throughout this "great ocean" of cosmic existence. This is a majestic conclusion, and one likely to revolutionize our point of view with regard to our relationships to the organisms of other kingdoms.

Second, in the light of a clearer understanding of the action of the will on nervous and bodily functions, a new vision of *the creative power of man* over his further evolution and destiny. This is a conclusion even more significant for us men and women whose destiny it may drastically affect. And Sir Jagadis includes in this part of his discussion something that I have long been looking

for: a statement in scientific language of the theories so capably practised by Christian Science and New Thought healers—but which they express in terms that are often ambiguous and unscientific. It is curious that one should at last stumble on such a statement in an article on plant life! Curious, too, that in that same article one should find such a complete contradiction of the metaphysicians' affirmations with regard to despised and perpetually arraigned "matter."

"Matter is unreal. Matter is mortal error. There is no life, truth, intelligence nor substance in matter."

Says Sir Jagadis: "All matter is sensitive, and answers to stimulation by definite signs of response. Matter has thus within itself the promise and potency of life."

And in the light of the vision modern science has given us of what we used to consider "solid" matter—streams of energy, galaxies of electrons and protons, each a whirling world in itself—who to-day can think of matter as inanimate, unintelligent, *dull*? Even the supposedly lifeless planets, "the million orbs that thread their path through space," Sir Jagadis tells us, "are by no means insensate clods locked in the rigor of death, but active organisms 'whose breath is perchance luminous vapor, whose blood is liquid metal and whose food is a stream of meteorites.'" Who can read that stirring declaration, without thrilling to the common Life inspiring us all, throughout all states and kingdoms, without feeling indeed that "the barrier that divided kindred phenomena is now thrown down, and mineral, plant, animal and man are found to be a

multiple unity in a single ocean of being"?

On the other hand, the natural scientist has come through the convincing proofs of his research—in mathematics, physics, plant life, biology—to the point where he acknowledges with the Christian Scientist that the creative cause behind all this marvelous pageant of forces, must be an Infinite Mind.

"It is to mind that we are driven back as the only basis on which all life can be made explicable," says Lord Haldane, speaking for the relativists and mathematicians. "We are impelled toward the conception as the foundation of the universe, of absolute mind."

"In its ultimate essence, energy may be incomprehensible to us except as an exhibition of the direct operation of what we call Mind or Will," said J. A. Fleming, in a lecture on "Waves in Water, Air and Ether."

"Perhaps everything that we can measure in the world is reducible to electricity, and everything that we cannot measure to mind," says J. Arthur Thomson. "We reach the old truth, 'in the beginning was mind.'"

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So the two supposed irreconcilables, the scientists and the metaphysicians, the realists and the idealists, the material and the spiritual groups, are seen to be approaching—have already met—in the great modern conceptions of matter as ethereal streams of energy, of God as the Infinite Intelligence underlying, transforming, recreating this energy in its myriad forms of manifestation. And the point of view of future generations as to the long-disputed spirit and matter, God and Nature,

is, I believe, expressed in the concluding statement of Bose's now famous Friday afternoon lecture before the Royal Institution in London:

"When I saw these things [the results of his experiments] before my eyes, I felt that I began to understand the truth proclaimed by my ancestors on the banks of the Ganges three thousand years ago—'They who see but One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal truth, unto none else, unto none else!'"

When we shall have acquired this religious attitude toward science, and shall have also applied the scientific method to religion—life will wear a very different aspect. As one of the objects of this series of articles is to record the views of scientists themselves on the relation between religion and science—to prove whether there is a great gulf fixed between the two—let us not forget to record Sir J. C. Bose's position.

"There can be no conflict between knowledge and religion, for the highest knowledge is religion." And in a letter to us last summer, he said: "I believe that the seeming conflict has arisen from the ignorant bigotry of those who profess dogmatic religion, and dogmatic science. The true spirit of religion and science cannot be stated dogmatically. . . . In consequence of the exploitation of scientific knowledge, civilization is now trembling on the brink of ruin. Some complementary ideal there must be, to save man from the aimless rush which must end in disaster. The ideal of self-giving, in response to the highest call of humanity, must be the true object of knowledge."

In the Bose Institute, and throughout all of Sir Jagadis's personal activities, this ideal is magnificently lived up to.



Coming now to the second point of special significance in his summary: the action of the will, and *the creative power of man* over his future evolution and destiny. Bose reminds us that in the ascent from the simplest to the most complex type of life, the most important factor has been the ever-growing elaboration of the nervous function. He shows us how blow after blow upon nervous tissue—at first inactive, unresponsive—eventually produces a response; how continued stimulation enhances nervous power to the maximum, and actually in time creates an organ (by the cumulative effect of the repeated stimuli). "Every moment of our present is nothing but the imprint of previous stimulation that we call experience. It is by accumulation of stimuli that nervous matter becomes automatic; and man by opening himself to such stimulation as he desires, can make of himself what he wills."

It is difficult to accept the implications of this statement; *can* we altogether and immediately realize the possibilities that it opens up to us? We are so in the habit of fancying ourselves ruled by outer circumstances—environment, superiors, a run of bad luck, an epidemic of ill health—always attributing what happens to us as the result of forces over which we are supposed to have little or no control. But modern science as well as modern metaphysics brings the responsibility directly down to the individual; and tells us

that we either help or hinder the passage of everything that comes into our lives from the outside world. Sir Jagadis shows that we can alter the actual nerve-tissue and nervous response of our own organisms, so that we may now perceive impulses from the outside, of which we have been hitherto unconscious; while impulses that have produced violent and painful effects, we may tone down or arrest entirely.

"Full scientific attention has not been given to the power of the will in control of the bodily functions. *There can be no doubt of the predisposition which can be conferred on the nerve by internal power of will in inhibiting or facilitating the passage of the nervous impulse.*"

Here is the scientific, accurate and rational statement of the theory that the Christian Science and New Thought healers have been so splendidly demonstrating—but so vaguely and sentimentally expressing. They call the predisposing process "knowing the Truth"; coming into the consciousness that "man is pure spirit—life, health, goodness, wisdom; hence cannot be sick, weak or imperfect." Naturally, if they convey this suggestion, powerfully, sincerely, repeatedly, to the mind and will of their patient, it acts upon the brain and the nervous tissue of his body, and effects a definite and beneficial change. No one nowadays can afford to smile superiorly at the transformations wrought in health and life by the thousands of devoted Christian Science and New Thought workers.

But to my mind, they would be even more efficient, and not one whit less spiritual, if they faced the truth of what they are actually doing, and

claimed no more than what they really know. Man *can* be sick, weak and imperfect. Let us not delude ourselves with the idea that such conditions are "only an *appearance* of evil." But by the same process (sustained thought, repeated suggestion) by which he encourages his weakness and imperfection, he can bring about instead his much more perfect health and strength. And health and harmonious functioning are more in line with what we know of cosmic laws in general, than are the pathological conditions of weakness and disease.

This is what we know—what we can rationally accept, and safely proceed upon. And surely it is enough in itself, without dangerous assumptions as to God, man, life and immortality. I have admired very much the attitude of the Coué school of suggestionists—which by the way is by no means a vanished institution, but very much alive, working in conjunction with some two hundred doctors in New York alone. From the first they have stood for strict accuracy, and no metaphysical assumptions.

"What is the matter with the patient, we don't know," they say. "The doctors don't know. Nine tenths of their work is admittedly speculation—for the disease itself is only a symptom of the physical or mental condition that is the real malady. But we do know that suggestion enters the ear, is converted into nervous force, acts upon the cells of the brain, and thus through the nerve-system changes the molecules of the body. Therefore we convey our simple formula, that can't go wrong."

This statement, based on concrete experiment, and observation, agrees with Bose's—built by the same methods and upon the same scrupulously exact language. I, myself, would rather advance one step upon sure ground, knowing that as far as I go I *am* sure, and that I can take the next step in security—than rush ahead on the rosier of assertions that may one day collapse, and with them my whole fabric of life. Some of the statements that one hears delivered by metaphysical teachers to their all too eagerly accepting audiences, make one tremble for the disillusion and shipwreck that seem bound to come, from banking blindly on some of these "Truth principles."



The important thing to remember, is that scientists, suggestionists, metaphysicians and psychologists—from their various fields—all bring us the same report: namely, that we who stand at the door of our own being—the individual by his individual will—can control the factors that come into our lives from the outside, can ourselves determine the elements that shall enter into the constitution of our minds and bodies.

Here again terms are dangerous, and we need to have a very clear understanding of what we mean by "will." My own idea of will is not at all the taut, tense, pushing or pulling frequently associated with this word; but simply *habitual conscious choice*. Every moment of every day, objects, persons, influences come before the mind demanding entrance, attention. "I will have this one—I will not have that. You may come in—you stay out." Thus the individual will strikes

down or freely admits, and sometimes eagerly paves the way for, outside ideas and impulses. As a matter of fact we are always doing this, we are continually exercising our will and letting in or keeping out this multitude of passing thoughts and influences. But most of us are doing it automatically, or at best only half consciously. Those who are awake to the great possibilities inherent in the exercise of this power of individual choice, urge us to use it consciously and thoughtfully, weaving into our lives what we truly desire to have in them; instead of picking up every passing impression as a magnet picks up every passing bit of dust and tinsel.

This is the constructive, self-determined use of the will. This is the creative power of man over his future evolution and destiny. Sir Jagadis speaks of the eternal mystery of the relation between subject and object, the inside and the outside world. In the last article of our "Modern in Search of Truth" series, we pointed out how what appears to us as inside and outside—the vision of life in general—depends entirely upon the perceiving instruments of the individual. And that the nature of our activities—as Bose puts it, the repeated stimuli, continued blows upon nervous tissue—gradually creates our instruments.

It is within the power of the human being, by a specific use of the energy he controls, to deliver the sort of blow, convey the kind of suggestion, upon that sensitive and malleable nervous and cellular stuff, that will create an organ as much finer than the present body and brain, as the human brain is finer than that of the

animal. It is not only possible, but surely the noble obligation of the noble opportunity to which the evolutionary process has now brought us. By a different use of the energy hitherto spent in fighting one another, we can no doubt develop instruments of perception that will give us an utterly different and far more satisfying and extensive field of vision and experience.

What will life look like then? What will appear to us as self and universe, God and man, the inside and the outside world?

I don't know. But what interests me most intensely, is to get on with the process and find out! One thing I am absolutely sure of, as we travel that long and amazing journey of evolutionary ascent, is that we can

trust life every step of the way. I know it not out of blind faith, but out of rational conviction. Because what I see of life on all sides is reasonable, orderly and to be trusted.

And I wonder if that is not, all in all, a fairly good creed—very simple, yet certainly comprehensive—a creed good to enter this world with, good to work, enjoy, suffer and learn with, good to go out with when the time comes to leave this world for whatever may lie beyond: *I trust life*, in any and every one of its forms that I may be led to experience.

"God will not be outdone in courtesy," says the old adage. I believe that the man or woman who has that simple creed, will find life in any world and any state or stage, reciprocal in generosity.

(Next Month: *Natural History and Human Life*)

SEPARATED

GERTRUDE B. GUNDERSON

Not by a judge and jury
Deciding evidence;
Not by a frank acknowledgment
Of broken confidence;

Not by a recognition
Of priestly ban or bars—
But by their own souls' dissonance,
Divergent as the stars.

THE COMING MAN IN FRANCE

Poincaré's Inevitable Successor

ERNEST DIMNET

“**W**HO would succeed Poincaré if he should fail France?” is a question frequently asked by people who follow French politics. In November, 1928, M. Poincaré was compelled, by the sudden secession of M. Caillaux and the Radical group he leads, to send in his resignation. After a few days' hesitancy he made up his mind and succeeded himself. But it is improbable that the same procedure can be repeated, and the old question arises again: Who is the coming man? Who is the likeliest Prime Minister of France in the event of another crisis? There is little doubt as to the answer. The coming man is unmistakable, the future Prime Minister of France can only be André Tardieu, who in 1917 and 1918 was as popular a figure in New York as General Dawes, in the same years, was in Paris.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the first articles on foreign affairs, which, about 1905, were published in “Le Temps” above the somewhat too elegant pseudonym Georges Villiers. The French of those days were superbly indifferent to foreign politics. Fashoda was of yesterday, and the Tangier speech of Kaiser Wilhelm, with its unmistakable sound of a war alarm, was the event of the

day; yet, even the cultivated French paid little heed to echoes from beyond the frontiers. They did not believe in the possibility of a war. Most of them thought they had acted up to Gambetta's advice concerning Alsace and Lorraine: “Think of it all the time, but never speak of it.” In reality, they had ceased thinking about it as well as speaking about it, and they imagined that everybody was as averse to war as they themselves were. The notion of bloodshed was so hateful that bloodshed seemed impossible. Even the most horrid murders—the case of one Soleillant was as hideous as the Hickman case—could not rouse the President of those days, M. Fallières, to apply capital punishment. Year after year the military appropriations were being reduced; even M. Clemenceau, of all statesmen, in such anxious years as 1908 and 1909, took an active part in this curtailment. Peace, literature and art appeared to be the only important affairs and filled the newspapers. Foreign news, colonial matters, trade statistics and shipping intelligence were regarded as dull stuff and were skipped without a qualm. “Le Temps” was respected as being the most substantial and authoritative newspaper in the repub-

lic; but its attention to foreign news, and the habit its editor had of devoting his leading article to it, were deemed an affectation, and society poked fun at it. M. Francis de Pressensé—the predecessor of my friend M. Abel Chevalley, who himself was succeeded by the so-called Georges Villiers—was often ridiculed as “*le clergyman anonyme du Temps*.”

Why was it that Georges Villiers, at barely twenty-six, immediately created a sensation? On the one hand, the *salons*, copying the embassies and affecting to be more serious, began—after the Kaiser had made his famous Tangier speech—to discuss the possibility of a war. “We were very anxious, last night” was a phrase with which the present writer, in mock solemnity, used to salute the amateur diplomatists, his friends. A score of young writers saw their chance in this nascent interest. They promptly learned English, and bombarded editors with articles born of the London “Times,” Cassell’s Dictionary and the “*Economiste Français*” in its more intelligible moods. The word “realism,” which is now on the lips of all public men and means nothing else than what honest English calls practicalness, became a slogan and gave rise to a vast amount of attitudinizing. All these ambitious young writers wished to be Georges Villiers.

On the other hand, the real Villiers was the incarnation of success, and success is a magician. He was not thirty, and he was in a situation second only to that of a Minister of Foreign Affairs, only more secure. He had been admitted to that seminary of French celebrities, the

Ecole Normale Supérieure; but he had the ambition, as well as the talent, of a Prévost-Paradol, and early deserted his ill-dressed schoolmates there for the elegant crowd at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques. From this brilliant institution he graduated as attaché, first to the Berlin Embassy, later to the Petersburg, and no doubt saw more of the “*carrière*” than his less interested colleagues could see. That was not all. It had occurred to many before him that “the Ecole Normale will lead a man to every success, provided he has the sense to leave it”; but it was the first time that any one had attempted to use the diplomatic service in this far-seeing way. No sooner could M. André Tardieu—otherwise known as Georges Villiers—print on his cards “*ex-secrétaire d’Ambassade*,” than he shook the dust off his diplomatic shoes and posted back to Paris, which at that time was a land of opportunities second to none.



The most popular but far and away the least “diplomatic” newspaper of those days, “*Le Petit Parisien*,” first welcomed his contributions. The rule at the office of this incredibly successful little sheet was that all editorials, by whomsoever written, were signed Jean Frolo, and the remuneration was uniformly forty francs. In spite of this anonymity, M. Tardieu’s articles paved the way for him to the “*Figaro*” office, where he was treated more ceremoniously. A casual meeting with M. Adrien Hébrard, the editor of “*Le Temps*” and a keen judge of men, did the rest. In a few weeks M. Tardieu, as Georges Vil-

liers, was writing the editorials of the most important French organ. Two or three years later his progress was made more conspicuous by another kind of success—one which recalled the career of no less a person than Georges Clemenceau. M. Tardieu did not fight duels as the latter did, but his name was mentioned along with those of Opéra-Comique girls, and it was not absent from a colonial scandal, the Ngoko-Sangha affair. Meanwhile, there was no surprise when he was given a fat sinecure by the government. Shortly after, it was indeed a surprise to see both France and Germany in their discussion of such a momentous matter as the Congo difficulty, giving up the traditional methods of diplomacy in order to have the matter carried on in the press; but it seemed natural that the French spokesman should be Georges Villiers, with his vast knowledge, level head and deliberately impersonal style. When, in 1905, M. Delcassé had to resign as Minister of Foreign Affairs, virtually at the behest of the Kaiser, Georges Villiers called the event "an unprecedented humiliation," which it was; and the phrase, no matter how hackneyed, was repeated as if a Carlyle had just coined it for the occasion. It was at this period, that M. Tardieu, rivaling Julius Cæsar, could be seen, in the interval between the opera and supper, dictating two different articles to two secretaries—and he equaled Jaurès in his capacity to quote endless tirades from the classics.

In 1908, M. Tardieu was invited to lecture at Harvard. He himself

has recorded with some amusement how Professor Münsterberg tried to dissuade the academic authorities from inviting a Frenchman. German erudition and German methods had long been in favor in the American universities, but there were symptoms which showed that America was becoming aware that French scholarship and French culture were more congenial to her own intellectual tendencies, and resistance from those in power was inevitable. However, M. Tardieu received a formal invitation and spent three or four months in the United States.

There are very few well-to-do French people of to-day who do not plan a trip to America, and French boys and girls are beginning to be seen at American schools. But twenty years ago, Frenchmen who knew English were still so completely under the spell of British customs and civilization that the thought of crossing the Atlantic only occurred to a few writers, like Paul Bourget, in quest of fresh impressions or definite information. They were invariably interested in what they saw, but seldom were they really influenced, and M. Tardieu was no exception. His book, "Notes sur les Etats-Unis"—which I had with me when I paid my first visit to the United States—shows a reaction somewhat similar to that of the provincial Frenchman in his first contact with Paris. He felt more surprise than real admiration. And as surprise generally produces first a stare and then a smile, the smile was not absent from M. Tardieu's chapters.

Yet, when one rereads those "Notes" in the light of later developments, one discovers under the flow-

ing narrative, a deeper and continuous impression, which was, no doubt, the chief fruit of M. Tardieu's visit. He was struck by the superiority of character in the United States and by the unlimited capacity of Americans for action. "A land of stronger men" summarizes his conclusions. Compared with what the French still were in those days, and were to remain until the approach of the war called forth their virile qualities, the Americans were indeed another kind of men. Perhaps unconsciously M. Tardieu, who had ambition and felt in himself the desire and power to push his way on and up, realized that he could be an American in France, or even in Europe, by knowing what he wanted and by wanting it with a resolution which in Paris would pass for character. When he resumed his work on "*Le Temps*," he may not have been another man, but he was more forcibly what he had formerly been. As able a critic as Herr Stresemann not long ago described the Tardieu of those days as "the crabbed govern-ess of Europe," while Prince Bülow used to say, "there are six great powers in the world, if you don't count Tardieu." The Germans have always appreciated French intelligence.



In May 1914 M. Tardieu was elected to the Chamber. Three months later the war broke out and the new deputy who was a reserve officer rejoined his regiment. In a few months M. Tardieu's excellent health broke down, and after a short stay at G. H. Q., the higher command thought he would be more useful in the Chamber than with the army

and he was demobilized. Back then, to the Chamber he went. His return coincided with a feverish discussion of what was going on at the Front, which occupied the Chamber in secret committee. M. Tardieu apparently had a capacity for asking those questions about the conduct of the war that the Cabinet regarded as the most annoying. The author of an anonymous article on M. Tardieu published in the "*Revue de Paris*" for June, 1927, says that old Ribot, the paradoxical Premier of this tense period, thought it wiser to get rid of this questioner, and that M. Tardieu owed his mission to the United States to the old man's timidity. I cannot believe that history was, in this case, so like the comic stage. A friend of mine who was in M. Ribot's cabinet had no little admiration for the contrast between the slender frail old gentleman and his moral courage. It seems much more probable that M. Ribot, who had an American wife and had repeatedly visited the United States, thought he saw in M. Tardieu the qualities which would fit him for dealing with practical business men at a time when every word would count and not a single step could be wasted.

To America then, came M. Tardieu; a cruiser landed him at an unfrequented Virginian port just a month after President Wilson had finally decided that war was a necessity. It was an event of little interest—a politician who had long been a journalist was landing. Yet when the same man was to sail again he was not a mere politician, but a diplomat who had done big things and who felt he was ready for more.

The year which M. Tardieu spent in America as High Commissioner of France to the United States did more for him than even his unparalleled success on "Le Temps." The opportunities for personal development and worldly advancement were unique. He has told us of these American experiences in "Devant l'Obstacle," a book published in 1927, which has been translated, unfortunately in impossible translator's lingo, under the title "France and America." The French title is much more revealing. Plainly, M. Tardieu went to the United States in 1917 fully realizing the difficulty of his task; and when, ten years later, he sat down to write a book weighing the chances for a Franco-American understanding, the same idea was present and he selected a title implying difficulty.



There is no doubt that what M. Tardieu tackled in May 1917 might have daunted a less brave man. America had just come into the war, but she was not ready. It had been part of her Government's policy that she should not be ready. However, she was now in the war, and her passionate desire, the longing of all her men and women, was to be prepared. This was the time when a foreigner—an associate, it is true, but an outsider all the same—came upon the scene and virtually said: "Get ready, by all means; but it is more important that you should help us over there, for we are in need of vast supplies, which we cannot obtain except from you. We need foodstuffs, chemicals, coal and steel by the million tons. Every day I receive from my colleagues in Paris,

desperate cables beseeching me to send more coal, more wheat, more nitrate. You say you haven't got the boats in which to transport those multitudinous cargoes. Build the boats! You are America, and you are our sole hope."

Nor was this all. "Send us men too," said M. Tardieu. But America did not wish to send her men till there were enough of them to be called *her* army. When M. Tardieu answered, "Send the men; we can train them; we have three years' experience," he knew only too well that worse difficulties would arise; yet, in the end these difficulties were conquered.

"Devant l'Obstacle" is a pathetic book, the work of a man who, day after day, was beset by problems which seemed insoluble. Many times it recalls the narratives of soldiers in battle, for that strange element—"Is it possible that I was there?"—is never absent. Yet, it is an optimist's book, for M. Tardieu ultimately was successful, incredibly successful, in his mission. And when the author deals with the larger question, "How can France, as a nation, do with America what I did with Americans?" he is also an optimist. Three hundred pages are filled with historical examples of lack of understanding between France and America, French people and American people, yet the book is concluded with an encouraging statement, one which sums up the experiences of many other Frenchmen familiar with the United States—namely, "The one obstacle between France and America is not lack of comprehension, it is merely lack of acquaintance."

In the spring of 1918, M. Tardieu was recalled. His presence in New York had become less necessary; but there were two million Americans in France and a Commissioner of Franco-American relations was imperative. Clemenceau did not hesitate in his choice. General Huguet has recently published a book showing how difficult the collaboration with the British high command was at first, and how impossible Haig's acceptance of Foch's directions seemed for a long time. There was never any such friction between the American staff and the French. On the contrary, the truth of M. Tardieu's fundamental contention that the Americans and the French only need to become acquainted in order to understand each other was demonstrated by the facts. Yet this amicability was due in no small part to the fact that the two protagonists on the French side were Clemenceau and Tardieu, both of whom had lived in America and were in sympathy with American idiosyncrasies.



It was natural that M. Tardieu should not be absent from the peace negotiations. He belonged to the Cabinet, he spoke English, and people had not forgotten that, only four years before, he was Georges Villiers, a specialist in foreign affairs who lacked nothing except the personal experience of diplomacy, and this he had recently acquired in the most modern business laboratory, New York. A good deal of criticism has been leveled at M. Tardieu for his share in the Treaty of Versailles. People have said that he was hostile to Austria and opposed the formation of a new confederacy of South-

ern Germany in which Austria would have been at home. He is reproached with having taken the responsibility of leaving Germany as she was, with nothing to hinder her return to the position she held in Europe before the war. A famous American politician once told me that the treaty, as far as it pertained to France, was easy to draw up—pure and simple annexation of the left bank of the Rhine. After such a struggle, he said, a proportionate redivision was a necessity as well as a right. Easy and simple indeed, only too easy and too simple. If Germany were dismembered either by annexations or by the revival of the Southern confederacy, how could she pay? Critics of the type of Signor Nitti who, on the pacifist side, also view the Treaty as something which plain common sense and Christian charity could have made perfect, would do well to read M. Tardieu's book on the peace negotiations; in my opinion the best of all similar publications. They would promptly realize that the Treaty might tend toward justice, but, owing to evident impossibilities, could not accomplish it. Germany ought to pay for all the damages she had caused, but she could not do so. Austria and Hungary ought to make life possible for the nations they had for centuries tyrannized over, but these new nations could only exist by the annexation of racial minorities. Italy could not get all she wanted, but if she were frustrated she would be discontented, and in her discontent might lie the germ of future wars. The resurrection of Poland was only the reparation for an historic crime, but the Silesian absurdities would come in its train.

The list of details would be endless. The negotiators were neither Metternichs nor Talleyrands: indeed, the three of them who led the rest, Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George were insufficiently equipped. But it is vain to imagine that diplomatic geniuses, even though assisted by living encyclopedias like M. Tardieu, could make the impossible possible.



In November 1919 the general election returned to the Chamber an "horizon blue" majority exactly similar to the "khaki parliament" which Great Britain simultaneously gave to Mr. Lloyd George. M. Tardieu was, of course, in this majority, and here a new phase of his career opened. So far he had been a technician, henceforth he was to be a politician. His influence in the new Chamber was a foregone conclusion. Clemenceau had been rejected as President by a Chamber which has been taxed with ingratitude for doing so, but which might have been twitted with lack of foresight had the result been the reverse. M. Tardieu, the great old man's understudy, was treated in consequence as if he were Clemenceau himself. The opposition laid on his head the blame for the shortcomings of the Treaty, while the majority looked to him as their natural chief. M. Tardieu is not the kind of man who can easily be popular in an assembly. His friends are deeply attached to him, but he has not many and he does not care to enlarge the number. There is a general sharpness about him which is not prepossessing. Faguet used to contrast a polite eighteenth-century abbé's way of

"asking his opponent's pardon for not quite agreeing as yet with his opinion" with Brunetière's "Sir, there is a gulf between you and me." M. Tardieu is rather of Brunetière's school. A cartoon of him shows him saying to an angry opposition, "You will do well to reserve some strength for what I still have to force upon your hearing." The witty anonymous writer who in 1922, gave us in "*Ceux qui nous mènent*" portraits of the leading French politicians, says in terse uncharitable sentences that "M. Tardieu has less real importance than he ascribes to himself, but he rightly considers that the best way of being thought important is to think one's self so. He opines that tasteful sobriety has no chance. His exceeding confidence looks uncomfortably like self-sufficiency." An anecdote is also current of old Clemenceau standing before a tapestry representing the creation of the world and suddenly asking, "*Mais, où est Tardieu?*" However, while many people would be killed by such epigrams, M. Tardieu survives. He has reached the stage where cartoons only add to one's publicity. So, while he is not exactly popular in the Chamber, nobody ever dreams of denying that he is a force, and if circumstances favor, there is no reason why he should not appear as *the* driving power.



In the Chamber which sat from 1919 till 1924, M. Tardieu appeared intensely Nationalist. He repeatedly protested against what he called the inertness of an assembly elected by popular enthusiasm against the Radical faction in office since 1877, and yet continuing to serve under Radi-

cal Premiers—Millerand, Briand, Leygues, Poincaré—famous, it is true, and moderate, yet politically its enemies. He, at all events, would not do so, and on three occasions refused office. Meanwhile he lost no opportunity of prophesying that this passive attitude of a Chamber which ought to be triumphant must receive its punishment in the next election. The country would not be satisfied with a majority which it wanted overwhelmingly Nationalist but which acted as if it were a minority.

This decisive attitude was dangerous. For if M. Tardieu's predictions became facts, there would be no place for him in the next Chamber. He would be regarded as the typical Nationalist, a reincarnation of Clemenceau, and a martinet; and even if he were returned by his constituency, he would appear in an alienated assembly as a defeated champion.

His prophecies materialized. The election of May 1924 was as overwhelmingly Radical as the previous one, in 1919, had been Nationalist, and M. Tardieu was among the beaten. The exultant Radicals danced the scalp-dance around their victims, hooted out President Millerand and Premier Poincaré, and M. Tardieu came in for a copious share of insulting compassion. It might be well to mention here that the French Radicals have nothing in common with American Radicals, although they call themselves the Red Party. They are the perfect and not very formidable counterpart of the English Liberals.

The defeated leader acted with a good deal of dignity. He wrote to his electors a letter which gave food for thought even to his bitterest

opponents. In less than a month many deputies on the other side publicly regretted that such an able man should be absent from the national debates. M. Tardieu did not seem willing to take advantage of this wave. He retired to his books and even the "Echo National," a newspaper he had been editing, disappeared from the stalls.

Such periods of self-effacement are habitual in the careers of most politicians. They are useful in that they give them time for reconsidering their position; they also prepare the public for possible changes. In 1926 the representative for Belfort—the one Alsatian constituency not annexed by Bismarck in 1871—died and M. Tardieu was returned in his place. He reappeared another man, calmer, less sarcastic, and less uncompromising. In a few weeks he resumed the position of a leader, but not on the Nationalist platform. His point of view was that the Government should not look for its support to the Radicals, who were too obviously under the thumb of their Socialist allies, but to the moderate groups of the Chamber, as remote from the Nationalists as they were from the Socialists. Such a move, M. Tardieu said, would keep the Government safely away from measures like the capital levy, the threat of which was sufficient to frighten money away from France, and would stop the fall of the franc.

But M. Tardieu was not heard, the Herriot Government went on with its Radical policies, the franc lost day after day, people grew more nervous and began to clamor for money in exchange for their bonds. One July afternoon the dollar quo-

tation was forty-six francs, bankruptcy loomed near, and a threatening mob surrounded the Chamber of Deputies. Two days later, the same Poincaré who had been ignominiously ejected from office was called back with the silent approval of the Radicals. M. Poincaré at once formed the Coalition Cabinet which was to save the franc in a spectacular way, and in this cabinet M. Tardieu sat as Minister of Public Works.



What remains to be said can be stated in a few lines. M. Tardieu as Minister of Public Works hardly ever spoke; but he acted—for in spite of the rise of the currency which has elsewhere produced dangerous industrial or commercial crises, there has been next to no unemployment in France. Had it not been for the frankness of “Devant l’Obstacle” and the impression left on serious minds by this book, M. Tardieu’s action would have almost seemed anonymous. But political events have brought about the situation which M. Tardieu was recommending, two years ago, as the most favorable for the recovery of France. The election of April 1928 was nothing else than the triumph in the French Chamber of the moderate sections designated as the Center Left, and as far removed from M. Caillaux and his Socialist affiliations as from M. Marin and his Nationalist friends. M. Tardieu should no longer be considered as the representative of Clemenceau’s policies carried on in the spirit of wartime. He is much more the representative of the conservative Liberalism whose organ is that same dignified newspaper,

“Le Temps,” to which he owes his early prestige. He is no bellicist, he is no clerical, he is no candidate to an eventual dictatorship. He is a strong man with a political, but also with a business training; he is an ambitious man, whose ambition is primarily to solve practical problems in the American spirit. Making proper allowance for obvious dissimilarities of temper, he is another Poincaré, whose political friends are the staunchest supporters of M. Poincaré.

Is it surprising therefore if, in his newly formed Cabinet, M. Poincaré should have given him a post of immeasurably greater importance than the Ministry of Public Works? M. Tardieu is now Minister of the Interior, that is to say, he controls the police, he controls the civil service, and, thanks to the fact that he appoints, removes or discharges the *préfets*, he largely controls the share of the government in elections. No wonder the Radicals, who always held this office, through an absurd tradition, even while they were a minority, were enraged by his appointment.

But M. Poincaré had no choice. The majority which at present supports him, is nothing else than a coalition of the moderate Liberal groups led by M. Tardieu, and this majority (stronger than its opponent by about forty votes) will hold power till 1930. During three full years then, M. Poincaré can do nothing without M. Tardieu, whom he thoroughly respects; and should he have to retire, a mere counting of votes—apart from the strength of a rare personality—would show that his successor can only be Tardieu.

IF WE REALLY WOULD LESSEN CRIME

Let Us Look to Our Gospel of Materialism, Our Gods of Amusement

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

JUST about the time the nineteenth century turned into the twentieth there was a wave of intense interest in the crime situation in the United States. It was agreed by nearly everybody that matters were steadily going from bad to worse as far as the occurrence of crime was concerned; and by persons regarded as authorities the suspicion was freely voiced that crime was increasing mainly because of defects in the criminal laws, in criminal-court procedure, and, more especially, in the penal treatment of criminals. Prisons were depicted as virtually training-schools in crime, and the common practice of herding together delinquents of every age and every degree of delinquency was, with reason, severely criticized and vehemently denounced.

So effective was the denunciation that popular support was readily obtained for such innovations as juvenile courts and a marked extension of the system of probation and parole. A whole army of social workers was enlisted, and high hopes were entertained that, with its aid, and the aid of expert penologists, criminologists, physicians, psychologists and psychiatrists, the crime problem would soon be in a fair way to solution. Alas! Crime is even

more in evidence to-day than it was at the turn of the century—so much in evidence that it may fairly be said that if the United States in the intervening years has become the richest country in the world, it has also become the most crime infested.


In the single State of New York, I have seen it alleged, four times as many criminals are now incarcerated as in all England. In New York City alone, arraignments in magistrates' courts have risen from about 130,000 in the year 1900 to upward of 450,000 twenty-five years later. In Cleveland ten times as many automobiles are stolen as in London, which is ten times the size of Cleveland. In Detroit a research bureau has assembled figures indicating that "an equivalent of one tenth of the male population of the city is placed under arrest during a year." Yet no one of these cities is to be mentioned, in point of criminality, in the same breath with Chicago.

In Chicago, criminals have become so numerous and so bold as to dispute with one another, in murderous street battles, the right to prey on non-criminal Chicago citizens. Assassins rove the streets in automobiles mounted with machine-guns, and the rattle of bullets and the exploding of bombs have become

almost commonplace accompaniments to the ordinary hubbub of city life. When perchance a Chicago or a New York thug is shot down by a rival in the course of one of the chronic feuds of thuggery, he is likely to be buried with a splendor that speaks eloquently both for the profits of crime and for the place crime holds in the city's social activities. Here is an excerpt from a newspaper description of a recent thug funeral in Chicago:

"The floral tributes were as wonderful as if it was the funeral of a President of the United States. . . . So many flowers came that they filled not only the house but the back yard, the front lawn, the passage-ways between houses, and a neighboring lawn. It took seventeen automobiles to carry the flowers.

"Apparently to add to the impressiveness of the occasion, the pall-bearers, twelve of them, were dressed in tuxedos. Over the casket was furled a silk American flag, topped with a brass eagle, and a silk Italian flag with a brass symbol, crown and cross. The procession was two miles long, and before it started police and detectives searched the cars for machine-guns and sawed-off shot-guns, but none were found. The funeral went off without a hitch."



Fortunately for the rest of the country, Chicago still stands by itself as a paradise for the ultra-criminal. However, the rest of the country is so crime-ridden that murders in the United States now total around twelve thousand a year and the yearly property loss from crime is estimated at four

billion dollars. This includes the losses inflicted not only by thieves, burglars and highwaymen of the common or garden variety, but by fire-bugs, forgers, embezzlers and swindlers ranging from cheap "confidence men" to promoters and venders of fraudulent securities. Precisely how many persons take part in the nation-wide plundering there is, of course, no means of knowing. But police, court-room and prison statistics leave no doubt that the criminal element in the population is exceeding large—and that, with every year, it grows larger.

Accordingly, and not surprisingly, we now witness among the people in general a perturbed awakening to the frustration of the hope of crime prevention through such agencies as the juvenile court, probation, parole and prison reform. Under the influence of popular wrath, a reaction has set in against these really valuable agencies, threatening to impair their usefulness; and a mounting cry goes up for ever greater severity in the punishment of those found guilty of even petty crimes. Already this cry has borne fruit in the enactment, in various States, of laws so severe that men are now serving life sentences for the theft of property worth only a few dollars, and, in at least one instance, for nothing more heinous than the possession of a bottle of whisky.

Even jurists of eminence, as indicated by their platform utterances and magazine articles, seem to share the current belief that the one way to deal adequately with crime is through merciless treatment of the criminal. In a word, blind rage has impelled to a well-nigh universal

swing-back to medieval notions which, most emphatically, did not suffice to blot out criminality in the Middle Ages or through the succeeding centuries. And because rage always is blind, it to-day impedes, as it did in the Middle Ages, recognition of the fundamental truth that crime, like every other social evil, is the product of specific causes, and can be lessened only by rooting out these causes. What, in the name of common sense, is to be gained for crime prevention by treating full-blown criminals either mercilessly or mercifully, as long as we tolerate conditions developing new and ever larger crops of criminals to be treated mercilessly or mercifully?

More than this, in our United States of to-day crime-developing conditions are demonstrably producing their larger crop of criminals at an almost incredibly early age. Whatever truth there may once have been in the theory that most crimes and the worst crimes are the work of veteran offenders, to-day the veterans are conspicuously in the minority among American criminals. The crime problem, that is to say, is essentially a problem of youth. As Mr. Edwin J. Cooley, probation expert, said only a year or so ago:

"The majority of the most spectacular crimes bruited in the public press has been committed by mere youths. Richard Reese Whittemore, recently hanged in Baltimore, was barely twenty-four years old. His vicious traits became evident before he was seven years old, and he was twice arraigned in court before he was eleven. Two boys recently executed for murder in the State

prison at Sing Sing, New York, were merely nineteen years of age. Last June, in New York City, a boy who shot and killed a grocer during a robbery was only sixteen years old, and his youthful companion was but fifteen years of age."

In a single year, of nine hundred admissions to Sing Sing, sixteen per cent were men under twenty-one, sixty per cent were not yet thirty, and the average age was about twenty-four. Of more than three thousand offenders arraigned in the Court of General Sessions, New York City, almost sixty-three per cent were less than twenty-five years old. Of the many tried in a Massachusetts criminal court, where I recently served as a juror, the majority were well under thirty. Indeed, the presence in the dock of a man as old as forty was so exceptional as to cause comment among my fellow-jurors. Of course, though, there also was comment, the comment of astonishment and regret, on the youthfulness of many a man accused of some grave crime. One man not yet thirty, I remember, had been arrested seventeen times before coming into this court to be convicted of highway robbery.

As in New York and Massachusetts, so through the country. Truly men begin to go wrong early in the United States of to-day. Nor is it only, as some allege, the mentally defective and semi-defective who go wrong. Deficiency and outright insanity undeniably characterize some criminals. Yet the most recent psychological studies of inmates of American reformatories and prisons, indicate that the mentality of our

average present-day criminal is at least on a parity with that of the average non-criminal citizen. In one prison the psychologist, Carl A. Murchison, found that the caged inmates scored, on the average, seventy-five per cent higher in intelligence tests than the "good men and true" employed to keep them caged. One can easily forgive Dr. Murchison's cynical remark:

"The only reason the guards continued to live was because the architects of that prison had done their job well."

Bearing also in mind that not all criminals are in prison, and that those caught and convicted must in some degree be less nimble mentally than criminals clever enough to escape detection and conviction, it becomes still plainer that it is not intellectual inferiority that is responsible for our increasing host of young thieves, bandits, swindlers and killers. What is responsible for them is, in part, the manner of their rearing, and in part the shortcomings of the social environment in which they are reared. To put it as frankly and directly as possible, if we really would lessen crime we must, both as individuals and collectively, concern ourselves infinitely more than we now are doing with the upbringing of the young.

That we are not properly concerning ourselves with this is mainly due, it seems to me, to a most unfortunate life philosophy engendered and fostered by our great national wealth, and particularly by the special circumstances under which, as a nation, we continue to grow richer and richer.

Thanks to American inventive and

organizing genius, and to an unparalleled use of machinery, in no other country is industrial production maintained at so high a level as it is in the United States, with ever shortening hours of labor for workers paid wages unknown in any other land. Nowhere else, moreover, do the highly paid workers have such facilities for the agreeable occupation of their abundant leisure, means of amusement being organized as efficiently in the United States as means of industrial production. And nowhere else is there such skilful and incessant propaganda directed to creating, among the highly paid worker-consumers, a market for the comforts, conveniences, luxuries and purchasable amusements produced and organized on a stupendous scale.

All this has had the effect of keeping up both wages and profits, as reflected by a decrease in labor troubles, and by rising prices for the securities of industrial and amusement corporations. But as certainly it also has had the effect of imbuing no end of people with the perniciously false notion that nothing in life matters much outside of getting money, spending money and amusing one's self. Necessarily this notion weakens all sense of social responsibility, including the right rearing of the children one brings into the world, and even the responsibility in one's relations as husband or wife.

So we have, as an actual fact, the terrible spectacle of an accelerating rise in the curve of divorce in the United States. Twenty years ago, when I had occasion to make a special study of the divorce problem, I found that every twelfth American marriage ends in the divorce court.

To-day every eighth marriage thus ends, while in some communities divorce writes finis to every fifth or sixth marriage. Nor do divorce-court figures by any means tell the whole story of marriage failure in the United States. There is such a thing as voluntary separation without divorce proceedings, there is such a thing as separation by desertion of husband or wife, there is such a thing as separation by murder.

When separation occurs by any means, and when the separated couple have young children, what is the effect on these? From analytical studies of thousands of delinquents and criminals, we have proof positive that the effect is to impel, or at least to help in impelling, to a life of vice and crime.

Recall, for a moment, the three thousand New York City offenders of whom almost sixty-three per cent were not twenty-five years old when brought into court. Almost half of the total number—47.1 per cent, to be precise—were products of "broken homes"; that is, of homes in which the upbringing of the future criminal had devolved entirely on one parent, owing to the removal of the other, usually the father, by death, agreement to separate, desertion or divorce. Other surveys of large groups of juvenile delinquents and adult criminals have revealed still more strikingly the crime-promoting influence of the broken home; as, for instance, in Massachusetts, where Dr. Sheldon Glueck, studying the life histories of one thousand criminals, found upward of sixty per cent of these to have been subjected as children to a "broken home" influence.

Besides which, as is well known, there are many homes that may accurately be described as "broken" even though husband and wife continue to live together. The *Mr. and Mrs. Bowser* type of home, with parental bickering the rule, has repeatedly been found productive of nervousness or delinquency in its children. So has the home where children are caused to feel that they are not wanted, the home of neglect due to parental devotion to self-indulgent pleasures, and the "volsteadian" home of perpetual repression, prohibitions and nagging. From homes such as these, children are apt to flee to the streets, to companions and to situations that may be provocative of vice or crime, or of both vice and crime.

It matters not that the parental "prohibitions" may be inflicted with the best intentions in the world. It breeds antagonism, rebellion and perhaps a waywardness of dire result. As also, for that matter, does the opposite extreme of rearing children with virtually no effort at discipline, pampering them, giving them their way in everything, gratifying their every whim. There are parents, many parents, foolish enough to do this, forgetful that as soon as the children go to school they will be in a world where they can no longer lord it as they are wont to do in the home domain. Failing to get their own way, untrained for adjustments, inner conflict is a certain consequence, with, in one case, nervousness, in another delinquency and crime as the ultimate outcome.

This is not theory. It is statement based on facts established by the probings of psychological and psy-

chiatric investigators in the modern clinics connected with juvenile courts, criminal courts and prisons. If we are having a constant rise in the occurrence of crime it is primarily because, under the sway of the materialism that has grown with increased absorption in the producing and consuming of machine-made goods and pleasures, parents have been giving less and less thought to the vital business of parenthood.



Emerson's dictum, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," was never so true as it is to-day in the United States. If only because things dominate the national consciousness, life itself has become vulgarized and cheapened, and decreasing attention paid to its higher values, including the value of so rearing children as to make them men and women of sterling character, of insight, refinement and a sound morality. Parents too lazy, too negligent, to bestow on their children at least as much thought and care as they bestow on the instalment-purchased articles with which they clutter their homes, need not be surprised and shocked if in a few short years the children become anything but creditable to them.

Of course it may be objected that many parents are hampered by poverty in the upbringing of their children. Undoubtedly this is the case, and undoubtedly the slums that still disgrace many of our cities do play a part in crime production. But also undoubtedly it is true that there is far less poverty in the United States than there used to be. If this were not so, the automobile industry, the radio industry, the

perfumery industry, the baseball industry, and the moving-picture industry—luxury and recreational industries in general—could never have prospered so amazingly as of recent years. And herein we have a significant commentary on the once widespread belief that poverty is the great cause of crime. Lessen poverty, it used to be argued, especially by socialists, and you will automatically lessen crime. Well, poverty has been signally lessened in the United States, and what have we with regard to crime?

We have a state of affairs that tempts one to question even the validity of the traditional doctrine that it is easier to be good when one is prosperous than when one is poor. In the light of our present social situation it must at least be acknowledged that, for both the nation and the individual, grave dangers flow from esteeming material prosperity too highly and in vaunting as the greatest of blessings mass production, mass consumption and a mammoth foreign trade. The gravest danger would actually seem to be that of inviting moral bankruptcy, particularly through such a lowering of standards as to involve, in the home, failure in character building, and, outside the home, temptations and incitements to loose and criminal living.

How passing strange it is that, while we inveigh against crime and demand harsher and harsher punishment of criminals, we tolerate in our newspapers, our theaters of the spoken drama and our theaters of the picture play, an incessant glorification of crime and criminals. We no longer call thugs by their proper

name, but romantically dub them gunmen. We parade in head-lines the enormous profits accruing from crime. In one way and another, for commercial purposes, we harmfully inflame the imagination of mis-reared youth, eager for adventure, alive with the energy and the craving for action normal to youth and needing only guidance to make its superb qualities count for high achievement.

Then when youth, under the two-fold stimulus of a home rearing devoid or virtually devoid of religious training and instruction in morals, and of a social environment that tends to make the inherently unadmirable seem the admirable; when youth thus influenced does go wrong, it is not ourselves we blame, nor yet the parents of mis-reared youth. With righteous indignation we demand strict enforcement of the law, to the extent it may be of taking the law-breaker's life, if perchance there has been a killing with a revolver which, because revolvers can be sold at a profit, we have made no effort to keep out of the hands of the mis-reared. "How villainous he looks," we say of the killer in the dock. "He must have been a bad one all his life."

We forget that there was a time when this killer was like the little child sleeping in its mother's arms in the corner of the hushed court-room. We forget that, only a short while before, this defiant or panic-stricken killer, was himself romping and laughing in the simplicity and beauty of childhood. We forget, with reference to him, the profound truth in Pascal's saying, "Each one of us comes into life as a little unmoral being, pushed indifferently toward

good or evil by the influences that surround us." We think of none of these things, we unhesitatingly, ruthlessly condemn.

That, you protest, is sheer sentimentalism, society must be protected against its criminals, they must not be allowed to ravage at will. Of course not. But is society truly being protected against its criminals by a mere penalizing which, while it may check somewhat the "crime wave" of to-day, affects not at all the material for the "crime wave" of to-morrow, "now in the making in children of six to twelve years of age in the streets of our cities," as Dean Kirchwey has succinctly put it? It is not the criminals of to-day but the potential criminals of to-morrow and the day after to-morrow, that should most alarm us and move us to effective action. And, unless all the available evidence counts for naught, effective action can be had only through a national awakening to the folly of accounting most precious the augmentation of wealth and the gaining of pleasure.

Will there ever be such an awakening, or are we fatally committed to the gospel of materialism? Can we expect ever to escape from the deadening yoke of the economic evaluation of life, and hark back to the old ideals of civic responsibility, of marital responsibility, of parental responsibility, the ideals of the fire-side, the home, the church?

Speaking of the church, it is indeed a depressing, a discouraging circumstance that, at this very moment, sixty million of our American people, or more than fifty per cent of the population, are quite without church

affiliations. Nevertheless, if fewer people, in proportion, attend church than in bygone generations, there is discernible a growing, if slowly growing interest in writings and utterances of a religious character; so that, over the radio, multitudes throughout the country now are listening to religious discourses and to inspiring talks that may yet make for a national awakening.

This is one sign that we may possibly escape the crash which a persisting materialism will make inevitable—just as, not so long ago, materialism harried Germany to her downfall. Another encouraging sign is the increasing number of outspoken critics of the industrial system that machine production and super-efficiency have foisted on us. Still another is the appearance of "Beggar on Horseback," "The Moon Is a Gong," and "Loud

Speaker" satirists of the haste, futility and nervous waste of our "business first" age. And a fourth sign provocative of optimism is the rising importance of such organizations as the National Congress of Parents and Teachers dedicated to the task of trying to rouse the nation to a realizing sense of parenthood's duties and childhood's needs.

Hence, as I see it, there still is ground for hope that, before it is too late, truly preventive action will be taken to lessen, not only crime, but the many other social evils that have likewise increased with our increasing quest of the dollar and the "good time." But I honestly do not believe that the taking of such action can safely be delayed much longer. Disaster has a way of overwhelming nations, suddenly and unexpectedly, even as it has a way of taking individuals unawares.

HOLY FACE

Feasts Must Be Rare or Else They Cease to Be Feasts

ALDOUS HUXLEY

"GOOD times" are chronic nowadays. There is dancing every afternoon, continuous performance at all the picture palaces, a radio concert on tap, like gas or water, at any hour of the day or night. The fine point of seldom pleasure is duly blunted.

Feasts must be solemn and rare, or else they cease to be feasts. "Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are," (or at any rate they were in Shakspeare's day, the day of Merrie England), "or captain jewels in the carcanet." The ghosts of these grand occasional jollifications still haunt our modern year. But the stones of worth are indistinguishable from the loud imitation jewelry which now adorns the entire circlet of days. Gems, when they are too large and too numerous, lose all their precious significance; the treasure of an Indian prince is as unimpressive as Aladdin's cave at the pantomime. Set in the midst of the stage diamonds and rubies of modern pleasure, the old feasts are hardly visible. It is only among more or less completely rustic populations, lacking the means and the opportunity to indulge in the modern chronic "good time," that the surviving feasts preserve something of their ancient glory. Me personally the unflagging pleasures of

contemporary cities leave most lugubriously unamused. The prevailing boredom—for oh, how desperately bored, in spite of their grim determination to have a good time, the majority of pleasure-seekers really are!—the hopeless weariness infect me. Among the lights, the alcohol, the hideous jazz noises and the incessant movement, I feel myself sinking into deeper and ever deeper despondency. By comparison with a night-club, churches are positively gay. If ever I want to make merry in public, I go where merrymaking is occasional and the merriment therefore of genuine quality; I go where feasts come rarely.

For one who would frequent only the occasional festivities, the great difficulty is to be in the right place at the right time. I have traveled through Belgium and found, in little market-towns, kermesses that were orgiastic, like the merrymaking in a Breughel picture. But how to remember the date? And how, remembering it, to be in Flanders again at the appointed time? The problem is almost insoluble. And then there is Frogmore. The nineteenth century sculpture in the royal mausoleum is reputed to be the most amazing of its amazing kind. I should like to see Frogmore. But the anniversary of

Queen Victoria's death is the only day in the year when the temple is open to the public. The old queen died, I believe, in January. But what was the precise date? And, if one enjoys the blessed liberty to be elsewhere, how shall one reconcile one's self to being in England at such a season? Frogmore, it seems, will have to remain unvisited. And there are many other places, many other dates and days which, alas, I shall always miss. I must even be resignedly content with the few festivities whose times I can remember and whose scene coincides, more or less, with that of my existence in each particular portion of the year.



One of these rare and solemn dates which I happen never to forget is September the thirteenth. It is the feast of the Holy Face of Lucca. And since Lucca is within thirty miles of the seaside place where I spend the summer, and since the middle of September is still serenely and transparently summer by the shores of the Mediterranean, the feast of the Holy Face is counted among the captain jewels of my year. At the religious function and the ensuing fair I am, each September, a regular attendant.

"By the Holy Face of Lucca!" It was William the Conqueror's favorite oath. And if I were in the habit of cursing and swearing, I think it would also be mine. For it is a fine oath, admirable both in form and substance. "By the Holy Face of Lucca!" In whatever language you pronounce them, the words reverberate, they rumble with the rumbling of genuine poetry. And for any one who has ever seen the Holy Face,

how pregnant they are with power and magical compulsion! For the Face, the Holy Face of Lucca, is certainly the strangest, the most impressive thing of its kind that I have ever seen.

Imagine a huge wooden Christ, larger than life, not naked, as in later representations of the crucifixion, but dressed in a long tunic, formally fluted with stiff Byzantine folds. The face is not the face of a dead, or dying, or even suffering man. It is the face of a man still violently alive, and the expression of its strong features is stern, is fierce, is even rather sinister. From the dark sockets of polished cedar-wood two yellowish tawny eyes, made apparently of some precious stone, or perhaps of glass, stare out, slightly squinting, with an unsleeping balefulness. Such is the Holy Face. Tradition affirms it to be a true, contemporary portrait. History establishes the fact that it has been in Lucca for the best part of twelve hundred years. It is said that a rudderless and crewless ship miraculously brought it from Palestine to the beaches of Luni. The inhabitants of Sarzana claimed the sacred flotsam; but the Holy Face did not wish to go to Sarzana. The oxen harnessed to the wagon in which it had been placed were divinely inspired to take the road to Lucca. And at Lucca the Face has remained ever since, working miracles, drawing crowds of pilgrims, protecting and at intervals failing to protect the city of its adoption from harm. Twice a year, at Easter time and on the thirteenth of September, the doors of its little domed tabernacle in the cathedral are thrown open, the candles are lighted and the dark and formidable

image, dressed up for the occasion in a jeweled overall and with a glittering crown on its head, stares down—who knows what mysterious message in its bright squinting eyes—on the throng of its worshipers.

The official act of worship is a most handsome function. A little after sunset a procession of clergy forms up in the church of San Frediano. In the ancient darkness of the basilica a few candles light up the liturgical ballet. The stiff embroidered vestments, worn by generations of priests and from which the heads and hands of the present occupants emerge with an air of almost total irrelevance (for it is the sacramental carapace that matters; the little man who momentarily fills it is without significance) move hieratically hither and thither through the rich light and the velvet shadows. Under his baldachin the jeweled old archbishop is a museum specimen. There is a forest of silvery miters, spear-shaped against the darkness—bishops seem to be plentiful in Lucca. The choir-boys wear lace and scarlet. There is a guard of halberdiers in a gaudily pied medieval uniform. The ritual charade is solemnly danced through. The procession emerges from the dark church into the twilight of the streets. The municipal band strikes up loud inappropriate music. We hurry off to the cathedral by a short cut to take our places for the function.

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The Holy Face has always had a partiality for music. Yearly, through all these hundreds of years, it has been sung to and played at, it has been treated to symphonies, cantatas, solos on every instrument. During the eighteenth century the

most celebrated castrati came from the ends of Italy to warble to it; the most eminent professors of the violin, the flute, the oboe, the trombone scraped and blew before its shrine. Paganini himself, when he was living at Lucca in the court of Elisa Bonaparte, performed at the annual concerts in honor of the Face. Times have changed, and the image must now be content with local talent and a lower standard of musical excellence. True, the good-will is always there; the Lucchesi continue to do their musical best; but their best is generally no more nor less than just dully creditable. Not always, however. I shall never forget what happened during my first visit to the Face. The musical program that year was ambitious. There was to be a rendering by choir and orchestra of one of those vast oratorios which the clerical musician, Dom Perosi, composes in a strange and rather frightful mixture of the musical idioms of Palestrina, Wagner and Verdi. The orchestra was enormous; the choir was numbered by the hundred; we waited in pleased anticipation for the music to begin. But when it did begin, what an astounding pandemonium! Everybody played and sang like mad, but without apparently any reference to the playing and singing of anybody else. Of all the musical performances I have ever listened to it was the most Manchester-liberal, the most Victorian-democratic. The conductor stood in the midst of them waving his arms; but he was only a constitutional monarch—for show, not use. The performers had revolted against his despotism. Nor had they permitted themselves to be regimented

into Prussian uniformity by any soul-destroying excess of rehearsal. Godwin's prophetic vision of a perfectly individualistic concert was here actually realized. The noise was hair-raising. But the performers were making it with so much gusto that, in the end, I was infected by their high spirits and enjoyed the hullabaloo almost as much as they did. That concert was symptomatic of the general anarchy of post-war Italy. Those times are now past. The Fascists have come, bringing order and discipline—even to the arts. When the Lucchesi play and sing to their Holy Face, they do it now with decorum, in a thoroughly professional and well-drilled manner. It is admirable, but dull. There are times, I must confess, when I regret the loud delirious blaring and bawling of the days of anarchy.



Almost more interesting than the official acts of worship are the unofficial, the private and individual acts. I have spent hours in the cathedral watching the crowd before the shrine. The great church is full from morning till night. Men and women, young and old, they come in their thousands, from the town, from all the country round, to gaze on the authentic image of God. And the image is dark, threatening and sinister. In the eyes of the worshipers I often detected a certain meditative disquiet. Not unnaturally. For if the face of Providence should really and in truth be like the Holy Face, why then—then life is certainly no joke. Anxious to propitiate this rather appalling image of Destiny, the worshipers come pressing up to the shrine to deposit a little offering

of silver or nickel and kiss the reliquary proffered to every alms-giver by the attendant priest. For two francs fifty perhaps Fate will be kind. But the Holy Face continues, unmoved, to squint inscrutable menace. Fixed by that sinister regard and with the smell of incense in his nostrils, the darkness of the church around and above him, the most ordinary man begins to feel himself obscurely a Pascal. Metaphysical gulfs open before him. The mysteries of human destiny, of the future, or the purpose of life oppress and terrify his soul. The church is dark; but in the midst of the darkness is a little island of candle light. Oh, comfort! But from the heart of the comforting light, incongruously jeweled, the dark face stares with squinting eyes, appalling, balefully mysterious.

But luckily, for those of us who are not Pascal, there is always a remedy. We can always turn our back on the Face, we can always leave the hollow darkness of the church. Outside the sunlight pours down out of a flawless sky. The streets are full of people in their holiday best. At one of the gates of the city, in an open space beyond the walls, the merry-go-rounds are turning, the steam organs are playing the tunes that were popular four years ago on the other side of the Atlantic, the fat woman's drawers hang unmoving, like a huge forked pennon, in the windless air outside her booth. There is a crowd, a smell, an unceasing noise—music and shouting, roaring of circus lions, giggling of tickled girls, squealing from the switch-back of deliciously frightened girls, laughing and whistling, tooting of cardboard trumpets,

cracking of guns in the rifle range, breaking of crockery, howling of babies, all blended together to form the huge and formless sound of human happiness. Pascal was wise, but wise too consciously, with too consistent a spirituality. For him the Holy Face was always present, haunting him with its dark menace, with the mystery of its baleful eyes. And if ever, in a moment of distraction, he forgot the metaphysical horror of the world and those abysses at his feet, it was with a pang of remorse that he came again to himself, to the self of spiritual consciousness. He thought it right to be haunted, he refused to enjoy the pleasures of the created world, he liked walking among the gulfs. In his excess of conscious wisdom he was mad; for he sacrificed life to principles, to metaphysical abstractions, to the overmuch spirituality which is the negation of existence. He preferred

death to life. Incomparably grosser and stupider than Pascal, almost immeasurably his inferiors, the men and women who move with shouting and laughter through the dusty heat of the fair, are yet more wise than the philosopher. They are wise with the unconscious wisdom of the species, with the dumb, instinctive, physical wisdom of life itself. For it is life itself that, in the interests of living, commands them to be inconsistent. It is life itself that, having made them obscurely aware of Pascal's gulfs and horrors, bids them turn away from the baleful eyes of the Holy Face, bids them walk out of the dark, hushed, incense-smelling church into the sunlight, into the dust and whirling motion, the sweaty smell and the vast chaotic noise of the fair. It is life itself; and I for one have more confidence in the rightness of life than in that of any individual man, even if the man be Pascal.

THE EXECUTIVE LOOKS FOR A JOB

And What He Encounters in the Search

AN EX-EXECUTIVE

THE office-boy came to my desk. "There's a gentleman to see you that Mr. Blake sent around. He says he had an appointment at eleven."

"Blake? Oh, yes—send him in."

A man in the late thirties, looking for a position as head of our engineering department and recommended by our employment manager, was ushered in as the clock struck eleven. After a few minutes' conversation with him I decided that he was capable, personable, well trained and anxious for the position. Still, he asked a larger salary than we had ever paid and the man at present heading the engineering staff, though less experienced, was sufficiently competent.

"I doubt," I told him, "that we will find it advisable to take advantage of your experience by making a change in our force. However, I shall be glad to keep your name and address on file and will notify you at once if a vacancy occurs."

He hesitated. "If you hear of anything else that might interest me," he said, "would you be good enough to let me know? You see—I've got a delicate youngster and I want to get him out of the city as soon as possible—get settled in a smaller and healthier locality, you know."

"Of course I will. Good luck." We shook hands and I felt as the door closed that by talking with him, promising to let him know if I heard of a position, and wishing him good luck I had conferred some kind of a favor.

He had seemed capable and he had excellent references—still, at his age, probably close on to forty, why was he out of work? He had mentioned change of management at the plant where he had been employed; but, even allowing for politics in the new organization, if he were really as good as he felt he was, wouldn't he have been retained? A man of that age ought to be settled permanently, working up with his concern. Yes, it seemed best to make no change in our engineering department at present.

A few years before, I had been made manager of an old and struggling New England mill. It was now prosperous, well equipped and thoroughly organized. I had been successful in handling the labor problems of the war period and our force of seventeen hundred employees, well supervised, exhibited an esprit de corps of which I was proud. The product we manufactured stood high in the market, profits were satisfactory and I was certain of my

bonus when the directors looked over the results for the year.

It was a pleasant prospect and contemplating it with more satisfaction than modesty perhaps, I turned complacently to my morning correspondence and completely forgot the anxious engineer. I remembered him, however, in the years to come—he and a score of others like him, whom I had cheerfully dismissed with a vague promise to notify them if a vacancy occurred.



But the years went by, and finally—I was seeking appointments with plant managers and keeping them as the clock struck eleven or some other designated hour. I was, in fact, to my utter stupefaction, *looking for a job*.

Nothing is assured in this world. The longer anything has been going the less likely it is to continue. Truths such as these became almost obsessive as I made an effort to adjust myself to my new conditions. I went over my past experience point by point, trying to discover if it had any bearing on my present difficulty.

I had always felt that I had been fortunate in my choice of a vocation. On leaving college I had taken a position with a well-known house selling a staple commodity, cheap wool dress-goods, a steady “seller” in good times and in dull, style being a small factor. And after serving a term of years in the selling end of this business I had taken up production, and for ten years had been manager of the plant. Things had run along smoothly and successfully until women shortened their skirts and went in for silk and rayon. As

a result the demand for cheap wool fabrics sickened and almost died. And because of these unforeseen and almost trivial fads, a factory which had been going strong for four generations was suddenly loaded up with unsaleable merchandise, could find no profitable product to turn to promptly and, apparently helpless, was forced to watch losses replace profits.

Then came the inevitable recriminations, stockholders asking about dividends and criticizing the management; the management blaming the selling agents; all making proposals for reorganization or liquidation. A hectic stockholders’ meeting was followed by a new directorate with radical policies of retrenchment.

Although I was retained by the new management and given a more impressive title though a less impressive salary, I was unable to adjust myself to policies which I was convinced would destroy what I had spent years in building up. I withdrew from the picture.

During all the years in business I had never taken more than the conventional two weeks’ vacation. There was a sense of loyalty to the things I was doing, bred in me by years of custom, and I did not feel that it was fair for me to take any more time away than was given to others in my employ.

The break being made I suddenly realized that I was worn out by the struggles of the past few years and my first move was to take a long sea voyage. Returning home physically refreshed and mentally convinced that somewhere in this vast country a job was waiting for me, I set out to find it.

Much has appeared in the newspapers and magazines about the working-man's difficulty in finding a job and in keeping his dinner-pail full. But the executive is supposed to be able to look out for himself. If not, how did he reach his position of authority? He may work late in the night over the problems of his business—there are no unions to stop him. He may spend many a Saturday afternoon or Sunday—when the golf course is bright and fair—at his desk, and no one will pay him overtime. Workers come to him with their troubles and he solves them as wisely as he can, but *he* is not expected to have any troubles. If he has—let him smile and keep them to himself.

The security of his job and the salary he receives are supposed to compensate for the difficulties of his position. But recent events have proved that the executive in many industries, particularly textiles, cannot consider himself secure in his position, while his salary has not been large as measured by the industrial standards of to-day.

Moreover a salaried executive of a large company must maintain standards of living comparable with those of the proprietors of other businesses in the neighborhood. He must contribute generously to various funds, clubs and charities. He cannot practise petty economies, for it might react on the credit of his organization.

And when he relinquishes his job or—as in the case of many executives in the textile field to-day—has it snatched from him, where can he turn, what can he do? What are his chances of finding work in which he can employ his special talents?

Positions are chiefly found in two ways, through friends and acquaintances or by going to agencies who make money out of the misfortunes of the jobless or the needs of employers.

The first recourse of any one in trouble is, naturally, to his friends. They are sympathetic and will do all they can. In my case they gave me introductions to first one and then another person of influence in this or that business.

Then began the reversal of those interviews of which I spoke earlier in this article, interviews so familiar in the past. This time I was on the other side of the table. It was up to me to impress my personality and ability on these strangers.

What had I done? What could I do? I was an executive—that is a broad term and to most people it means a man who doesn't do any work himself but who simply holds a good job. In my case the business I had been connected with had virtually failed. Perhaps it wasn't my fault—but that was only *my* opinion.

Searching for work was a new experience. There had been little difficulty in securing my first job, the job that had resulted in a steady climb up the ladder and twenty-two years of increasing responsibilities and income. As I looked back on it I knew I had slid into my life-work with the usual cheerful carelessness of the college graduate, satisfied to get a toe-hold in a substantial business, and flattering myself with the wisdom of my choice. This time, hunting for work was going to be an entirely different and infinitely more serious problem. I realized this at the outset, though I did not fully

appreciate the difficulties I would encounter, or the educative influence of the experience in store for me.

Here is a typical interview with a leading wool merchant interested also in various manufacturing enterprises.

This time, I am the one who is ushered in by the office-boy and who has reason to feel a vague anxiety; it is the other chap, who, securely entrenched behind his mahogany desk, has the kind but unmistakable air of courteously conferring a slight favor.

After a brief reference to the weather and to the common friend who had arranged the interview, he says pleasantly, "Well, now to business. Just what position have you held?"

"I was agent of the Defunct Company Mills."

"Yes, but just what do you mean by 'agent'?"

"Why, plant manager in charge of production. I had general supervision of all manufacturing, from raw wool to the finished piece. I got the goods out on selling-house orders."

"I see, a superintendent."

"No, sir, not exactly. I had a superintendent under me in direct charge of production. My duties also involved relations with the treasurer's office, selling agents, tenements, water-power, and matters outside as well as in the mill."

"Did you do your own designing? Are you familiar with styling?"

"I coöperated with the selling agents in getting out new lines. Of course we had designers for the technical part of the work."

"How about costs? Can you figure fabric costs?"

"Why, we had our cost department, with an expert textile cost accountant in charge, for that. I studied his results and passed them on to the selling agents."

"I see. Are you an engineer, familiar with the mechanical part of the mill?"

"Oh, no. I'm not a graduate engineer. I had my plant engineer in charge of the maintenance and power departments. I worked with them on their problems and have acquired some general knowledge of power and engineering matters pertaining to a textile mill."

My interviewer pauses and looks thoughtful. As for me, I realize that the more I talk the less I can say I know. Am I a superintendent? Certainly not. A designer? Hardly. A cost accountant? No. An engineer or salesman? No—simply an executive.

Evidently the same thoughts are passing through the head of my potential employer, for he says slowly: "I'm sorry. I really don't know at the moment just the thing that would interest you. We're looking for an engineer and we *might* use a cost accountant. I know of an opportunity for a sales manager, but we haven't any vacancies on our general executive staff. Drop in again, will you?"

He bows me out pleasantly and I go glumly down the hall, wondering, "why an executive? And what is he good for?"

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I knew it was true in the textile business that the stimulus of the war and the development of manufacturing efficiency had brought about an over-production. But I was surprised to find that, the same condition

seemed to exist in every line of business I investigated.

The moment it became clear that I was a production man, interest waned. There was, however, a general demand for something new or different in the sales end of the business. Over-burdened with goods and equipment, manufacturers felt that some magic selling scheme was all that was needed to restore a healthy balance. The public which could not or would not absorb the product in the old natural way must be inveigled into buying. But selling was not my *métier*—I was proving it, in trying to sell my own services!

After friends—agencies! I had been in an agency only once in my life—to get a cook for my wife—and I had made a lamentable failure. However, in my present need, I decided to make use of an agency. My position was similar to that of any one out of work except that I was asking a first class salary.

In the general employment agencies most of the applicants are stenographers, clerks, draftsmen and salesmen. System is supreme. As soon as you enter the door you are made to feel your unworthiness and some one as impersonal as a Robot does his best to humiliate you. Large "experience sheets" are given you to fill out, you are numbered, you wait your turn. Interviewers in glass cages are busy all about you. Finally your number is called and you face the inquisitor, who may have an opening listed in his card-index that will match your experience sheet. Again—he may not.

There are, of course, special agencies that place executives. My experience with these has been pleasant,

but not productive of results. I met with a cordial reception, an expression of eagerness to have my name on the list, a lengthy explanation of the difficulty usually encountered in finding the right man for the better positions—none of which, unfortunately, was on the lists at present. Something might develop at any time—but there was nothing, however, that would fit my case at the moment.

Friends and agencies proving helpless in my dilemma, I polished up my third arrow and proceeded to shoot it. I had a little capital of my own and, having had financial backing offered me, all I had to do, it seemed, was to look about for some business in which I might enter as partner or proprietor. But this line of investigating led to somewhat similar results. No one was at all anxious for the partner sans the capital, there *was* some room for the partner and the capital, and there were any number of opportunities for the capital sans the partner.

Three cases of the second type which came to my attention I investigated thoroughly. A detailed recital of them would not be interesting, but there were certain striking similarities that were significant since they were in widely different fields of enterprise.

None of them had been earning satisfactory returns on the money already invested. All of them had good fields for their respective products. There was a vital personality connected with each which had in the past been remarkably successful in that or some other field of activity. Each of them seemed particularly uninterested in me and my record

and my fitness for the business—which might be considered a flattering acceptance of my personality, or—my capital. Finally none of them could afford to pay more than a nominal salary until the possibilities of the golden future had been developed. In other words my money and my services were to be gambled in an unfamiliar game of chance.

Undoubtedly these are hazards from which notable successes of the future will evolve. Exceptional judgment, a rare ability to nose out the safe and the good thing from the too doubtful, will make a fortune for the enterprising gambler. But it does not require a profound student of economics and percentages, to realize that only a few from a large number of such ventures are destined to succeed.

Like all executives in big business I had worked with a strong financial and credit backing. To such a man the problems of the small industry with limited capital are strange and irritating. Would it be possible for me to make the adjustment?

My experience is not unique. There is many an executive at present out of a position and looking around for a new one—erstwhile employers eager to be employed. What is to become of them?

The lot of a jobless executive is a thousand times more precarious than that of the laborer or artisan out of work, because his opportunities are infinitely more limited. Compared with the professional man, the engineer—as shown by the interview I have recorded—he is much more helpless, because he has no specialized field upon which to build a new career. In the larger organizations

there is usually an oversupply of executive talent, and almost never a chance for one who has not grown up with the business. In the smaller concerns, salaries are much below the expectations of a man of this type and not compatible with his established manner of living. A special knowledge of a practical nature is also required—the applicant must be a combination of executive and foreman.

On the other hand, as a proprietor, because his capital is probably limited, he will not only find himself on the unfamiliar ground of a small business, but he will be risking his capital as well.

If a man has spent half a business lifetime in training for a highly specialized vocation, he has reason to feel that it is about time to enjoy some of the fruits of his efforts. The executive who has lost his job, however, and who takes on one of another type loses also the advantage of a part of his experience. But he may find consolation in the thought that in whatever field of activity he finally gets a foothold his experience will inevitably tell and will ultimately help him to regain the position he has temporarily sacrificed.

There is undoubtedly a personal gain to be got from this experience of job-hunting; to me it has been enlightening in various ways, and I would not have missed it—no, not for a year's salary.

The attitude of friends and acquaintances has been of interest, psychologically. Some friends have been so generous—particularly with that most precious possession, time—that I could grow sentimental over them. Others trying to be helpful

in suggestions have shown a lively curiosity. "Are you in business yet?" they ask when they meet me, in the tone of one who says, "Are you still having bread and butter?" Others studiously avoid the topic as one would avoid mentioning a relative who had disgraced himself. They are thinking, "Poor fool—he had a good job, threw it over and can't find another."

My experience has brought about

a livelier sympathy for those who are in a like position, in whatever walk of life, an understanding of men and motives which could never have come from the security of the mahogany desk and the carpeted private office. The Greeks have a saying, "The man has not lived who has not raised a son, married a daughter and built a house." To this let me add—"and spent six months looking for a job."

THE FISHING-PORT

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

I came upon it when the sun was low,
And saw the small roofs crimsoning with fire.
The weathered dories caught the afterglow,
And color tipped a sail, a mast, a spire;
The sand was patched with scarlet—and the bay
Was quivering with broken lines of light;
The children's voices echoed at their play;
The anchors sounded—dropping for the night.

The blue smoke curled—the fisherwives began
Preparing evening meals of fish and bread,
Each thinking of her children—of her man,
And they were coming—hungry to be fed!
While I, alone upon a darkening shore
Stood as one stands outside a close-shut door.

THE INK-SLINGER

The Lumberjack's Time-keeper Has a Fairly Busy Day

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

JOHNNIE INKSLINGER, according to the Paul Bunyan sagas that have been handed down through many generations of lumberjacks, was the first time-keeper to practise his calling in a logging-camp. He was a mighty man, the legend has it, given to prodigious feats of labor, sometimes working throughout the day and night without food or rest; and one time, it is told, he paid off Paul's gigantic crew of three thousand loggers at Trois Rivières, Quebec, one after the other. This feat required three whole days, and since then camp time-keepers have been famous for the long hours they work.

It is probable that this tradition of Johnnie Inkslinger has some bearing on the camp time-keepers of to-day. For it is a fact they put in almost twice as many hours as do the rest of the crew. The cynical working-stiff may remark that the time-keeper is only "putting in" his fourteen hours daily. But even if he is, it is no laughing matter.

The time-keeper is forced, by the very nature of his job, to listen to the intellectual upheavals of camp foremen and superintendents, the heavy stove-logging, and the loud blats of young whistle-punks (signal boys), all of whom enjoy hanging around the camp office. His day, and most

of his night, is a never-ending panorama of every one who lives in or enters into a logging-camp; a rosary of picayune yet devilish irritations.

In addition to a knowledge of figures, the high class, professional time-keeper must possess information that would stagger the average encyclopedist. For instance, he must know the current cost of navy beans and woolen socks. He must estimate to a package the number of boxes of chewing-snuff the crew will use in a month. For when the Scandinavian breed of snuff gets dry, and it does, if kept on the shelf long enough, it is likely to blow out one's ears; and the Swedish logger's slogan is, "No fresh snuff; no gude logs."

In his dual capacity of time-keeper and first-aid man he must have knowledge of the difference between the clavicle and the humerus. And he *should* be competent to prescribe for jaundice, scarlet fever, cedar poison and the heavens. A really good time-keeper, in fact, will stop at nothing short of obstetrics and acute cases of appendicitis.

The well informed and experienced time-keeper must know the postal rate from Elk Bay, British Columbia, to Helsingfors, Finland, and be able to give advice on proposed marriage, divorce or investments in oil stocks.

He should know the size and catalogue number of every bit of equipment on the claim, and be able to give complete information regarding all local, national and cosmic matters. And, ironically enough, it is felt by the foreman and crew that he should remain always good-natured and smiling.

When in the gray morning the bull-cock pounds the blistering notes on the gut-hammer at the cook-house door, the time-keeper jumps from his bunk in his little coop off the camp office. As he is shaking a leg into his brown denims there is a rap at the door—the day has begun.

The rap proves to be Olaf Swensen, who wants a splash of iodine on an old cut. Right on Olaf's heels is Nels Bjorquist asking for a box of snuff, so that he may have his breakfast appetizer before the second gong sounds, and one two-cent stamp for a letter to St. Paul, Minnesota.

Then comes the camp "push," or foreman, to add sixteen forgotten items to the equipment order, followed at ten-second intervals by Tom, Dick and Harry each intent on a purchase. Now the breakfast gong sounds and the place immediately clears, except for the time-keeper, who completes his dressing, washes his face and hands, and arrives at the cook-house at about the time the fast eaters are leaving.

When he has finished a hurried grab at something on the table, he returns to his dog-hole, the office. Outside the door he finds a line of standees waiting for him—they want tools, dynamite caps, the key to the oil-house, pairs of rigging gloves and tin pants. There are letters to be ad-

dressed for the semi-literate; endless questions to answer. Until the gang leaves for the woods the time-keeper is running around in circles.

Presently he settles down to the real work of entering up the "time" for the previous day. But now the cook walks in, and the business of ordering supplies is taken up. The cook digresses somewhat from the matter in hand to flay the head office's practice of cutting down on meat orders, of substituting inferior brands of groceries for what the cook holds to be ultra-jake, and for the unsound economic theory that coffee may be had at fifteen cents a pound. The question of the cook's salary is also taken up—by the cook—and the company blasted for not paying a good man what he is worth.

The time-keeper is slightly bored, but polite. For cooks, good cooks, in the camps, are privileged fellows, as they are elsewhere. Sizzlers, boilers, mulligan mixers and other low-caste stew-builders can wreck a camp's morale more quickly than could a whole flock of Traveling Delegates of the benevolent and protective order of the Industrial Workers of the World. And the good cook knows it. So the time-keeper inclines a sympathetic ear until the cook returns to his cooking.



Just before the bi-weekly boat for Vancouver is due, in fact, just five minutes before, a herd of short-stake loggers appears at the office door and demands individually and collectively, to make her out, damn her. They're goin' down, and that's all there is to it.

Time-keeper: "Why didn't you fellers tell me las' night?"

Spokesman: "We didn't make up our minds 'til this mornin'."

Time-books are gone over hurriedly, commissary charges computed in a flash, and checks issued to each of the casual and migratory workers. They are captains of their own souls, these tourists, bent on seeing the world. They are a part of the class-conscious and submerged proletariat who, if they ever get through tramping themselves, are going to put the Boss on the tramp—just as Karl Marx said.

The boat arrives and unloads a new set of fallers and buckers, four section men and a human wreck who presently turns out to be old George Smith, bull-bucker, returning from a week in Vancouver, where, so he had previously announced, he intended to get his teeth fixed. George is in that fluid condition of which lumberjack *cognoscenti* say, "You could pour him back into the bottle." He makes a futile attempt to place a chaste kiss on the brow of the time-keeper, and presently falling over a piece of freight on the wharf, subsides.

In the meantime something like two hundred and fifty-seven pieces of freight have been unloaded from the boat. The time-keeper is expected to check and sign for this mass of prunes, beans, flour, potatoes and painkiller, as well as for what the manifest states, are, "ex-parts donk. eng." He signs, and takes a chance.

The time-keeper loads the seven men and the human wreck aboard a gasoline speeder, packs on a sack of potatoes, a case of canned fruit and the mail-bag for ballast, and heads for camp. Here he spends half an hour spelling out on the employment

tickets what the Vancouver job-shark claims are names of the new arrivals in camp. Job-sharks have a quite consistent habit of making the not uncommon name of John Smith look like Juice Whish. There was once an unsuspecting logger who labored nearly a month under the pay-roll name of Whango Bwakr. At birth he had been christened William Boyce.

Now to open the sack and segregate the mail! Here is the big moment of the time-keeper's day, the brief yet bright sunbeam of a week clogged with time-checks, pay-roll deductions, commissary sales and other such dismal matter. He picks up the bag and dumps the contents on the office floor. Ah!

That big package, the largest in the sack, is a set of red woolen underwear for Brennan, the bull-cook. The camp store does not carry red woolen underwear, and Brennan must have it, even though he send to Winnipeg. It's good for his rheumatism.

Two pink envelops—good smellin' ones—addressed in patently feminine script to the senile filer of the camp, indicate that he is progressing favorably, and possibly polygamously, along the Matrimonial Correspondence Club route.

That official-looking letter with Geo. Rex's coat of arms in the corner, is from the Assay Office, undoubtedly telling Jess Williams, the camp's would-be prospector, that his samples of "rare ore," picked up during Sunday prospecting, are mere flakes of mica. There's an I. W. W. paper for the "radical" section-boss, and some "single tax" literature for another queer working stiff.

A dozen letters with foreign stamps, mostly Scandinavian, for the fallers and buckers; a package of some kind of patent medicine for a donkey engineer whose kidneys are "bad," and will probably get worse; week-old daily papers from Vancouver and Seattle; some oil-stock literature for the prospector, and a bundle of dimly printed religious tracts—"Please, Brother, distribute these Messages where they will do the most good." It's a hell of a mail! Nothing for the time-keeper.



After dinner the time-keeper makes a tour of the shacks to see that no one is "layin' in." All the bunk-houses are empty and silent—not a soul. He goes to the woods and checks the crew. Two missing. An hour's search discovers the missing pair, playing rummy in the powder-house below camp.

Time-keeper: "What's the matter with you fellers?"

First Man: "Ain't feelin' well to-day."

Second Man: "Ain't feelin' well to-day."

Time-keeper: "Well, why ain't you in camp; stid of layin'-up out here?"

First Man: "Well, we—"

Second Man: "Yes, we—"

The time-keeper puts down two goose-eggs for the respective afternoons' work of the two invalids and returns to his office. He opens a case of snuff, and posts up commissary charges. Makes boom-chain report. Checks bull-bucker's scale. Begins making up monthly pay-roll.

Evening, and the crew returns to camp with whoops and ribald shouts. Business rushing. Ten men want, nay, insist, on having their mail

served up at the same moment. A dozen others crave snuff, socks, overalls and tobacco. A whistle-punk wants a choc'lit bar before supper. A section hand, not long out of Poland, asks for something that sounds like "papillkas." The time-keeper considers a moment and is sure he has no papillkas. The Pole exits and returns with an interpreter who translates—it is only cigarette papers. And then the supper-gong rings to the accompaniment of the tramp of calked boots on the planks.



After supper the time-keeper really gets into his stride.

Although the morrow may be pay-day, nevertheless James McIntosh, donkey engineer, would "jes' like to know how much" he's got comin', if it ain't too much trouble. And so do a dozen others.

The filer, aged sixty-five, and somewhat paretic, but with ambitious ideas, comes in to have the time-keeper address an envelop to one Mrs. Mazie Jane Fratz, a husky and well-to-do widow—if one is to believe the filer—of Hamilton, Ontario, who, through the amorous columns of a matrimonial journal is advertising the fact that she wants a life mate. The filer figures he is just about what is wanted.

George Smith, the recent alcoholic arrival, calls to get a bottle of pain-killer, which in logging-camps is much prized as a remedy for nearly everything from consumption to "bad stomach." George allows his stomach is bad.

Pete, a hard-boiled rigger, comes in to register a letter. "We can't register no letter here," the time-

keeper tells him, "we ain't got no regular post-office." For a moment Pete is nonplussed. Then a bright idea: "Jes' put a mess of stamps on her and let her ramble," he says. He feels that a formidable array of stamps is all that is necessary to insure delivery, anyway.

In between these and other interruptions the time-keeper is attempting to carry on with his monthly pay-roll, and this to the tune of some extremely heavy stove-logging being done by the camp foreman, aided by a hook-tender and other office loafers.

Nine o'clock comes. The camp seems quiet. The foreman has gone to his shack. No customers for nearly half an hour. The time-keeper crawls into his bunk off the office and settles down to read an unclaimed newspaper. There is a knock at the door.

Time-keeper: "What do you want?"

Voice: "It's me, George Smith. Kin I get bottle of pain-killer to settle my stomach?"

Time-keeper: "Go to bed."

Voice: "Jes' one bottle, ol' timer. Be good feller. Stomach bad. Don't know whether live til' mornin'."

The time-keeper gets a bottle of pain-killer and pokes it out the door into the night, where it is grasped by loving hands.

Time-keeper: "Now, Smith, you keep away from here."

Ten minutes elapse. There is a knock at the door.

Time-keeper: "Who's there?"

Voice: "Bane Olaf. Could ay yust hav' little iodine on finger? Ay forgot to come in after supper." Business of painting Olaf's finger with iodine. Time-keeper locks door; returns to bunk; picks up paper.

Just as he gets into the second

paragraph of a Vancouver society scandal, there is another knock. It is faint, but a knock nevertheless.

Time-keeper: "What th' hell now?"

Voice: "It's me, your fren', George Smish. Les' have nother bottle med'cine for stomach. Stomach bad."

Time-keeper: "I hope it gets worse. Go to bed."

The voice trails off into a mutter. Silence once more. The time-keeper reads on: "Despite evidence to the contrary the popular matron said there was nothing in the charges of the Jones woman that could not be disproved. She—"

Another rap at the door, short and authoritative.

Time-keeper: "Who's there?"

No answer; no sound, except the sighing of the wind. Then, another knock.

Time-keeper: "Damn it all, who's there?"

Another rap, louder this time; but no answer. The time-keeper gets up and goes to the door. Another rap. He opens. There in the inky darkness he can see a vague form, vague yet familiar.

Time-keeper: "Who is it? What ya want?"

Voice from darkness: "It's me, your ol' fren, George Smish. Shay, be good feller an'—"

The time-keeper slams and locks the door. He goes back to his bunk. The alarm clock beside his bed tells him it is ten thirty. He knows, as all time-keepers since Johnnie Inkslinger have known, that just as long as there is a light burning in his shack, somebody will think of something he thinks he wants. He considers a moment, and then turns out the light. His day is done.

THE GUINEA-HEN

Dinner with Miss Bird on Thursday

JOSIAH TITZELL

MOST people thought Lawrence Stoddard unsociable. As a matter of fact he was extremely sociable, but he was easily bored. And there are so many people in New York who are boring.

Old Miss Cornelia Bird knew that Stoddard was bored by "people" and she made a habit of receiving him alone. He was a good talker, but he was a better listener, and she would entertain him through a whole evening just to win from him his periodic, discerning monosyllables. Stoddard was delighted with Miss Bird. Her aristocratic fine old ways pleased him, and he played up to her now obsolete formalities with a flattering gallantry.

Every Thursday evening he dined with her. This was never taken for granted. Monday morning her tiny black carriage would drive up to the door of the old brick house in which Stoddard had his apartment. The footman in his high hat and dark green coat with its small brass buttons would ring the bell and hand in the little white envelop. Stoddard would watch the performance from his third-floor window. Not until the carriage with its finely groomed, high-stepping horses had driven away, would he go downstairs to get his invitation.

There were few variations in its form. Inscribed in purple ink in a fine and sometimes wavering hand, he would read:

Dear Mr. Stoddard,

Will you dine with me on Thursday? I shall be alone and delighted to have you.

Cordially yours,

CORNELIA GANSEVOORT BIRD

And Stoddard's reply was always the same. He would, of course, be delighted.

On Thursday evening he would walk up Madison Avenue. Miss Bird obstinately retained the ornate old house her grandfather had built on Murray Hill just after the Civil War. Tall office-buildings had been erected on all sides, but she would not sell her property or move out of the house. A high wooden fence had been built about the yard that her Persian cats might, unregarded, sharpen their claws on the two remaining trees. She was fully aware of the stories about the eccentric old lady who refused to move from what was undoubtedly one of the largest and wealthiest commercial districts in the world. She stepped from her door poising a tiny lace parasol over her head, made her way through the shoppers who crowded her sidewalks

and stepped into her carriage. The horses blinked and snorted at the gasoline fumes of the surrounding automobiles and champed at their bits when traffic held them back; but Miss Bird would not give up her carriage as she would not give up her house. Stoddard smiled when she complained of the inroads of commerce, but he admired her firmness in holding her ground.

People passing along Madison Avenue would gaze at him as he stood on the door-step of the Bird house. The windows were so carefully barred against passers-by that the place looked deserted. Miss Bird's servants, except for the footmen, were all women, and the maid who answered the door, strangely enough, was deaf. Stoddard discovered this on his first visit when he had found himself without a card and had tried to tell her who was calling. She was tall and thin and the formality of her uniform did not help to ease the angular lines of her body. Her wide gray eyes looked blankly out from under eyebrows that were forever arched questioningly. Now that he knew her misfortune, he followed her meekly, avoiding questions she might have difficulty in hearing, and waiting for her dull voice to inform him that Miss Bird would be down in a few minutes. He knew she would. She always would. He had once been a half-hour late, but Miss Bird was not waiting for him in the long, dimly lighted room. She would be down in a few minutes.

Stoddard would stand for a minute in front of the fireplace warming himself after his walk before he approached the small round marble-

topped table to look at the book lying there. There was always one, open but turned down, and it was always different. Once it had been "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," again Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," another time a paper-bound novel of life in the wild-west ranches and bar-rooms. Stoddard had been delighted at this and had talked enthusiastically about paper-bound thrillers. She had not echoed his enthusiasm. She thought the book very amusing and he could see she was sincere in this; but she was not willing to confess the reading of thrillers a hobby, nor did she care to talk about this story. He could see that she was a little overcome at his volubility. At first, out of kindness, she had protected him from having to talk, but she had come to be jealous of her right to the center of the stage, to enjoy her one-sided conversations, to play at them as at a skilful game which she hoped to perfect. She had come to think of Stoddard as an intelligent, mysterious audience. He saw that multiloquence was out of character and never again commented on her book. She always mentioned what she was reading when she passed the table, and he always remarked that he had seen the book there. The rest of the conversation about it belonged to her.

But the book took only a minute, for Stoddard was an inveterate reader and a glance at the title told him all he wanted to know. By the time she entered the room he was back in front of the fireplace.

Miss Bird was thin and drawn but she walked as if she had once been fat. She gave an impression of

stoutness when she came across her room, her rather large feet taking tiny steps. Her loose clothes buoyed out by the movement of her fat walk aided the illusion. When she sat down close to him and her clothes fell limply against her, he could see she was thin and delicate. A black velvet band adorned with a small diamond sunburst encircled her thin, lined throat. Her head was always held high and the little spots of rouge on her cheeks and her unexpectedly dry, saucy remarks gave her a cocky air, a brave air. While she smoked a cigarette before dinner, all through dinner and afterward when they were having their chocolate in the library—Miss Bird could not drink coffee at night—she maintained this cockiness. If she stopped talking for a moment it was to light a cigarette, not to leave an opening for Stoddard. He was shy, he was there to hear her talk rather than talk himself, and she kept up what an Englishwoman had called her jaunty conversation. She was keen and unafraid of casually bringing in characteristics others only whispered about, and Stoddard listened appreciatively to a number of the most amazing tales he had ever heard.

Stoddard was known for his strange, eccentric acquaintances. He developed early a taste for the unique, and so he had listened to an old hag whose best years had been spent in street-walking in the French Quarter of New Orleans, a priest, unfrocked for indulging in Voodoo ceremonies, two charming Creole sisters who wore dresses they had bought a half-century before and who carried their childhood dolls with them everywhere. Miss Bird's reminis-

cences of a conventional society she knew to be unconventional equaled the gossip of this strange parade. Late into the evening she would talk. When Stoddard would rise to leave she followed him in to the hall and asked him to come back soon, but she never set a definite date. The carriage would arrive at his door on Monday morning and the footman would bring in the small white envelop inscribed in purple ink, and Stoddard would reply that he would be delighted to come on Thursday evening, but when they were parting there was no mention of this plan.

It is strange that New York, which stimulates so many artists and gives them the ideas they need, so often prevents them from executing these ideas. New York was necessary to Stoddard. He had to spend a few months there each year to keep up his interest in his work; but when it came actually to doing the work he retired to the backwoods of Louisiana. He had a shack there on one of the numerous bayous, miles from civilization and yet close enough to a negro cabin or two for him to have a cook and a man of all work. It was of this shack that he thought as he sat drinking his drip coffee one morning in February. He had a book to deliver to his publishers in a few months and he had done little on the manuscript. So it meant back to Louisiana, where he would have to work—work or go crazy.

He sat in his small apartment in the pale cold sunlight, drinking his black coffee and thinking of his departure. He looked around the room with that dispassionate satisfaction with which one regards things to be left behind and never missed. It was

simply decorated. He did not resort to tapestries and brocades. His personality filled the room with a comfortable, warm hospitality that made the place livable. The eighteenth-century china figure on a small table and the antique crystal lamps on each end of the mantelpiece were testimonials of a past grandeur. The carelessly filled bookcases and the table strewn with papers barred formality. It was strange how possessions had come to mean so little to him.

He threw another log on the fire. Underneath it the coals glowed like piles of burning poppy petals. After all he would miss only one or two people. His writing friends. And Miss Bird. He suddenly realized that he would miss Miss Bird as much, perhaps more, than any of the others. Three months ago he had not known her. He was genuinely fond of her now. He would miss his Thursday evenings for they were the only suggestion of routine to which he submitted. "Thursday evening. Dinner with Miss Bird." He dusted off his bags and selected the Ronald Firbanks and the Baring-Goulds from the bookcases. These, with some piles of manuscript, he threw into the bags. That evening he boarded the Crescent Limited but before he went to bed wrote a note to Miss Bird telling her how sorry he was to leave New York without seeing her again and apologizing for his scribbling due to the train's movement.



It was spring in Louisiana—spring in late March. In the little garden around his shack Stoddard watched the quince and almond flower, slender

arms of feathery white and deep rose. Underneath the wistaria falling in lavender clusters were violets, rich and deep purple. Roses bloomed in their conscious, precise beauty and the yellow "rose of Texas" hung on its bush in golden balls. Behind the shack peach-trees blossomed like pink clouds and fig-trees put out their large leaves.

As it grew darker Stoddard sat out in front of his little house smoking. He was waiting for his guinea-hens to come home. He could hear them approaching all in their own good time, talking busily, calling out to each other in harsh voices. Closer and closer they came until they were in the adjoining field. With a great deal of fussing and a noisy flapping of their wings they flew over the high wire fence. He had built the fence for them. It never kept them in, but it gave them a place to come back to; and strangely enough no matter how far they wandered along the bayou or how far away the furrows they had rifled they always came home at night, squeaking steadily like rusty-hubbed wheels.

The guineas had been a gift. It was the first time in his life that Stoddard had wanted any animals about him. He had written his brother, who had a large plantation in Georgia, saying he would take anything, a dog, a cat, even a pig. And he had been sent two guinea-hens. He never expected them to stay, but they were always there.

And then he had made his discovery. It was inevitable that he should; it was too obvious to be missed. The guineas looked, for all the world, like Miss Bird. He had chuckled over it at first and then

began to think of them as a pair of Miss Birds. It was calling them a "pair of Miss Birds" that reminded him of her name. It seemed remarkable to him that looking so like them she should be named Bird. Probably in some previous incarnation she had been a guinea-hen. He called them the Misses Bird and addressed all his thoughts and remarks to them. They had become his friends, even as she. But the resemblance gradually became more than a fancy with him. It became a conviction. It got to the point where he could no longer disassociate Miss Bird and the two guineas in his mind. One night he had written her a long letter. The next morning when he picked it up from the table to take it to the mail rider, he saw to his horror, and eventual amusement, that he had addressed it to Miss Cornelia Guineavoort Bird. He tore the envelop open and reread the letter. He discovered to his embarrassment that he had written of nothing but the guineas. And the long description of their feathers and how much they resembled one of Miss Bird's dresses, gray spotted with white, was too much! He threw the letter into the fire and never tried to write to her again.

As he sat there smoking the guineas ran across the yard toward the house. In the cool dusk the wind ruffled their feathers and Stoddard thought they were fattening. But when they stopped to peck at some grass-seeds and the feathers dropped close to their bodies he could see they were really thin. It had been only an illusion of plumpness like the illusion Miss Bird gave when she came across her room with

her fat walk, and her clothes buoyed around her by her movement. Stoddard laughed aloud and the guineas, suddenly aware of him, ran cackling from the house. Their feet, large for the rest of them, took little mincing steps. They had Miss Bird's fat walk, as well as her aloofness, though he admitted that she was much more tactful about keeping her distance.

He began to make a table comparing characteristics of Miss Bird and the guinea-fowls. He found himself fussing through a musty old set of Darwin to find the few paragraphs on the markings and on the monogamy and polygamy of the fowl in "The Descent of Man," and a too-learned explanation in "Animals and Plants Under Domestication" of how the *Numida mitrata*, a red-crowned species of Madagascar and Rodriquez, and the *Numida pitlorhyncha* of Abyssinia, without any red on the head, are the sources of our domestic races. He borrowed encyclopedias and books on fowls when he rode into town, but he only learned that our domesticated guinea-fowls no doubt are derived from the *Numida meleagris* and disappeared with the decay of Roman civilization, that there were Portuguese explorers of Africa in the sixteenth century who were taken with the birds and not only reintroduced them into Europe but were responsible for the substitution of the name "guinea-fowl" for the ancient "meleagris." He was not interested in these cold profundities about their origin. He was in search of some study of their human characteristics, perhaps even an "L'Ile des Pingouins" of the guinea-hens. But in the end he went back to his chart

and found that comparison with Miss Bird was the most revealing.

If March did not go out like a lion as its sunny calm entrance predicted, April impersonated the blustering King of beasts. The first few days were merely windy but the fourth rose gray and dusky and with less wind. At night a bright moon struggled in the tentacles of gray clouds and set, taking with it the light breeze. No sun came up after it. The weeping willows hung motionless above the still waxen periwinkles. In the fields cabbages sat fat and comfortable in the long rows and the slender onions pointed to a sullen sky. The high wire fence, over which the guinea-fowls had flown, waited expectantly for the rowdy morning-glories. The air was tense. Maria, the negro cook, tiptoed about the cabin uneasily and Stoddard, restless and depressed, left his typewriter now and again, to look out on the limp landscape.

Toward evening the wind came up, tangling the long branches of weeping willow and shaking the flowering things. Distant lightning played about the horizon and the thunder sounded no louder than a cart lumbering over the bayou bridge. Maria hurried away to get home before the storm broke, and Stoddard stood in the window. The guinea-hens were out in it, but they would find shelter in a tree. The wind increased and chinaberries that had hung on the trees through all the winds of winter fell in noisy profusion on the roof of the shack. The rain began suddenly and beat down with the chinaberries in a relentless clatter. The lightning was closer and the thunder hurt

Stoddard's ears with its throbbing repercussions. Wind shook the window-panes until it found a crack and then whistled into the room. Stoddard fell asleep wondering what the cotton planters would find to complain of now.

A week later the mail rider carried two letters from Stoddard's little box. One was to his brother telling him that a falling tree in a recent storm had crushed one of the guinea-hens that had been roosting in it. Her companion had disappeared. He was sorry. He had become very much attached to them. He wanted to thank him for having sent them and to explain their fate. He should be addressed after next week in New York. The other note was to Miss Bird. He was returning to New York on the fifteenth, sooner than he had expected, but circumstances demanded his presence there. He did not explain that she was partly responsible, that after the death of the guinea-hen he was constantly under the illusion that Miss Bird had died also, and the illusion was so strong that he felt the necessity of seeing her driving about Murray Hill in her little carriage or taking her tiny steps across her drawing-room. He did not tell her that in the absence of the guineas and the distraction of his strange fancy he was finding it increasingly difficult to remember which of his three friends flew over a fence and which entered by a gate. And because of his discretion, which seemed to Stoddard the one remaining proof of intelligence he had left, he found a small white envelop inscribed in purple ink waiting for him in New York.

Miss Bird, in spite of his illusion, was not dead—nor had she disappeared. Would he have dinner with Miss Bird on Thursday? She would be dining alone and delighted to have him. She was happy to know he was back in New York.

He would, of course, be delighted.

When Thursday's warm sunlight came in through the wide-opened windows of Stoddard's apartment he was in a much better frame of mind. It had merely been a matter of passing life as pleasantly as possible until Thursday. Once he had seen and talked with Miss Bird all would be well again. His books were unpacked, his desk ready for his attack, but he could not begin until he had seen her. He spent hours over his coffee and a book, consciously wasting time, pleasantly exhilarated by the knowledge that Thursday had come and that dinner was not too many hours off. He planned his story for Miss Bird. He would have to speak quite casually of the hens, would have to explain how he had formed an attachment for those two fowls which had left him very unhappy on their disappearance. He would have to do that this evening. Otherwise he might slip and ask Miss Bird about the other guineas. He had to establish the guineas' identities in his mind at the same time he reestablished Miss Bird's. Then he would be safe. What would she do if he called her Miss Guinea? He remembered "Lady into Fox" and spent the rest of the morning rereading it, and imagined Miss Bird suddenly gabbling harshly like a guinea and flying into the yard only to become a prey

to the Persian kittens. In the afternoon he went to see a moving picture. Anything to keep his mind off the fancies the book had suggested.

It took Stoddard a long time to get dressed for dinner. He found himself fastening studs with a great deal of care, annoyed that his patent leathers had begun to crinkle, delighted that he had bought a new silk handkerchief. He realized that he was whistling in a very excited fashion. He was pleased with the Jean Petit figure that he had, with the greatest luck, discovered in an antique shop in New Orleans and bought for Miss Bird. He wrapped it carefully and even lost the slim desire to keep it for himself that had been tempting him ever since he had unpacked it and put it on his mantel. He placed the little figure carefully under his arm, fastidiously buttoned his gloves and set out for Miss Bird's. He enjoyed his Thursday evenings. They provided an excuse for New York.

The deaf maid ventured a smile at seeing him after three months and he followed her into the room which, in his absence, he had so often peopled with the three guinea-hens. The book was there on the little round marble-topped table, "Marjorie Fleming's Diary," and Miss Bird would be down in a few minutes. When she entered she came as she had always, rather quickly with her tiny steps, her clothes floating about her, as much like the dead guinea-hen as the one that had disappeared. Stoddard quickly put the thought out of his head. It was too early in the evening to think about the guineas. Miss Bird seemed pleased to see him. And she was delighted

with the little figure. He was very kind to bring it to her.

All through dinner she discussed the things that had been happening in his absence. She swerved from anecdote to anecdote. If they were not as amusing to Stoddard as usual it was because his mind was on the guineas. He must say nothing about them until he was nearly ready to leave. But when she led the way into the library he noticed that she was just a bit frowzy, that her panniers did not hang quite as straight as those of the guinea-hens, that her dress was a little rumpled in front where their feathers sat smoothly, precisely, not one out of place. It was something of a shock to him. He had remembered her as beautifully neat. And the guinea-hens really had better shapes. They were not quite so angular. He wished he hadn't remembered her as so perfectly turned out. He must tell her about the guinea-hens now.

He knew he was talking well as he related how his brother had sent him the fowls and what an affection he had come to feel for them. He was being endowed with just the right words and he was talking without the hesitancy of creation. His fowls were familiar ground, and Miss Bird just the person who could appreciate them. Strange that he had ever been intimidated by her. His subject made it all the simpler for he realized that it was his constant association with the other Misses Bird that spared him self-consciousness now and allowed him to talk with such ease.

When a striking clock reminded him that he must leave, Miss Bird followed him as usual into the hall.

He bade her good-night and told her how delighted he was to be back in New York again.

She nodded, "It's been pleasant seeing you again, good-night," she said, and closed the door.



Stoddard walked slowly to the corner and ignored a slowing taxi. He walked three blocks before he got over the shock of Miss Bird's cold good-night. Well, that was that. It was all over. His mind hurried back over the evening. Yes, he supposed his manner had been too familiar. How could Miss Bird be expected to know that she had lived in his yard, eaten his feed, all the time he had been south? He had talked all evening; he had suddenly reappeared after three months and instead of being the quiet attentive young man, the appreciative, discerning audience he had taken the stage himself and done all the talking. How could Miss Bird know that he was talked out, that monosyllables would be the rest of his conversations for Thursday evenings on end? And he didn't doubt but that he had peered at her rather too persistently as he discussed the exquisite characteristics of his guinea-hens. There was no question about it, Miss Bird was disappointed in him.

But then he was also disappointed in her. She didn't measure up to the other two guineas. That little sag to her panniers, that little frowziness. The hens were without doubt superior. And she had certainly not appreciated the Jean Petit. She had put it on the mantelpiece and forgotten it completely. No remark about it as he left, no returning

allusion to it after her first thank you. She certainly had not been as pleased with it as he had expected her to be. He was sorry he had not given in to his impulse to keep it, and taken her something else. And her stories were really beginning to get a bit tiresome. To-night, she had repeated two he had heard. He remembered a sentence in a letter from a friend: "Literary curiosity soon wanes." He wondered. Yes, he was disappointed in her. And she was disappointed in him, for when she had come to the door with him she had not asked him, as before, to come back soon. He walked slowly on down Madison Avenue, balan-

cing their disappointments in his mind.

So convinced was he that Miss Bird was a thing of the past that it was Monday afternoon before he remembered that her little carriage with its green-habited footmen had not drawn up to his door that morning. Well, that was over and done with. It was true that the memory of Miss Bird remained with him, but he had already written to his brother to send him two more guinea-hens, this time to New York. Now he would have to consult a real estate agent to find a basement apartment with a back yard that could be inclosed in wire netting.

EXILE

CATHERINE PARMENTER

Only the parched and dusty prairie-wind—
 Only the prairie-sun's persistent glare
 Have answered—till to-night—my wordless prayer.
 But oh, to-night the prairie—mocked—chagrined—
 Repulsed on every side by this strange power—
 Is lost amid the beating of my heart:
 The gates of all the years have swung apart,
 And memory shall own its little hour. . . .
 Fog of the sea, how came you here to-night—
 On stealthy feet across the prairie-grass?
 Mutely, like some gray miracle, you pass,
 And bring me tears—and wonder—and delight—
 And songs of splendid ships—and dreams most fair. . . .
 Mysterious answer to an exile's prayer!

THE MOUNTAIN MAN

An Unbiased View of Our Southern Highlanders

MARISTAN CHAPMAN

TO understand the people of the southern Appalachians it is first necessary to know something of the mountains themselves, for topography has power to make and shape human beings, and a great deal of the misunderstanding of the highlanders is due to ignorance of the topography and geology of their region.

There are three main divisions of this region—the Plateau Belt, the Second Belt, or younger folded region, and the Great Smokies, or older folded region. The Plateau Belt—sometimes called the edge of the Cumberlands—lies along the western border from the Ohio River to Alabama. It is bordered on the northwest by the blue-grass country of Kentucky and Tennessee. A large portion of this region carries deposits of bituminous coal that runs to the surface and may be had for merely scratching the hillside. This formation has tempted to wasteful mining methods, and has further led to the building and abandonment of shackling towns; for, when coal runs back too deep for easy working, the mines are deserted and a new town is begun at a fresh scratching. In these desolate places that are left, a few families of hand-to-mouth wastrels live, rent free; and here they are

likely to be discovered as “typical mountaineers” and further pauperized by well-meaning if mistaken welfare workers.

The Second Belt, which comprises the main Cumberland Range, is directly east of the Plateau Belt, and reaches from western Virginia to northern Georgia, and from Pine Mountains in Kentucky to the Great Smokies on the North Carolina-Tennessee State line. Here the long parallel valleys are good farming land, but the jagged ridges, besides having poor farming soil, are so rough that good connecting roads over them are impracticable. They not only resist improvement themselves, but stand as barriers isolating the valleys one from the other.

In the quiet upland valleys of the Cumberlands are found pleasant farmsteads, good living conditions, schools, roads, and a measure of community life. While up on top of the ridges there is poverty and isolation and backwardness, as judged by modern standards; yet the people who live on these crests find compensation in independence and freedom from material cares, and in a humorous detachment from life that it is impossible for the outlander to grasp.

The last belt, or older folded

region, covers the land from the foot of the Great Smokies and Unekas along the Tennessee-Carolina line to the Blue Ridge on the eastern border of the highland country. The mountains here stand up sharply, in proud forested heights, with rich valleys hidden between, where cattle is raised and fruit is grown. Here is mineral wealth unexploited, placidly guarded by the natives who inherit the high hills that their fathers "took up" in the days of early settlement, when claims were measured in generous terms—"from yon giant hickory top of the peak to far as eye can cast on all sides."

The mountains ripple down to the flatlands in a series of diminishing foot-hills, and in these half-way places live a race of half-way people, who have picked up a living there. They are the flotsam washed down from the proud mountains, or wastrels cast up from the lowlands of the coastal plains. This indeterminate fringe of trash has been taken to represent the "typical mountaineer" of fiction and propaganda. An excellent subject they make, lending themselves eagerly to pauperization, loving to be photographed, speaking a bastard tongue that sounds "quaint" to outland ears. From such are recruited the mill-hands for cotton factories—for the true mountain man will have none of the industrial workers' life, no matter how tempting the material lure.

Now it should be clear that such differences in topography make for a varied economic condition and consequently for a variety of people; and that the search for the typical mountaineer must end in failure.

The prosperous farmer of the limestone valleys is no less a mountain man than his poor neighbor on the ridge.

But because the outlander demands picturesqueness in any introduction to a given class of people, much that has been told of the southern highlanders is valueless. The fictioneer has adapted himself to editorial demands and concentrated upon stories of feud and moonshine, and upon love affairs conducted by shot-guns and complicated by bear fights. The serious investigators who came to the mountains as agents of missionary endeavor were bent upon discovering sordid and squalid conditions (also picturesque) upon which appeals for aid might be based. Like all seekers, they found what they sought, and came back, like senators from Europe, voluble about conditions that had been shown them on purpose. Often these earnest workers were the victims of the mountain people's love of play-acting, and were the bearers of eyewitness tales of situations that had been carefully "staged" for them. Also, no one blinded by a cause can be an impartial observer. "Cases" that do not favor the particular statistics are ignored, or, it may be fairer to say, are simply not seen. It is axiomatic in psychology that we see only what we look for and that accounts of the simplest incident vary widely with individuals. Whole families too well off to require uplift are passed by in silence by the investigators, while their search for worthless poor-stock trash goes on.

This writing, however, is not a fanatical defense of the southern

highlanders as the salt of the earth. There is no intention to idealize or poetize them; that may be safely left to the uplift specialists whose pamphlets are full of such lyricisms as "pure Nordic stock," "Anglo-Saxon race at its purest and best," "our own lost tribes" and "backbone of the nation." The salt of the earth is pretty evenly scattered, and is no more likely to be found in lumps in some newly discovered corner of the backwoods than elsewhere in the country.

Nor is this the place to explain the southern highlander's suspicion of the outlander, based on the bitter experience of being defrauded of his rights and properties by those who come, ostensibly, to benefit him. It may come as a surprise to many to learn that missionary schemes have been put in motion for the definite purpose of getting hold of the mountain people and winning their confidence so that titles to timber tracts are made over, valuable mines discovered, and oil-wells yielded up for a song to the greed of the self-styled missionary. The practice of old south-seas traders of subsidizing missionaries to go and convert the cannibals, so that islands were made safe for trade, offers a ready parallel.

Let us look at some of the mountain people. Up on the high ridges we find the aristocrat of the mountains, living in quiet dignity and splendid isolation in the most primitive of wilderness homesteads; and we also find a degenerate people of uncertain ancestry living under conditions of sordid wretchedness only equaled by samples from the same class of people in the slums of great

cities. In the valleys between live the bourgeoisie, the contended middle-class farmers.

The aristocrat of the ridges is a lineal descendant of the pioneer families of culture, and he cherishes the traditions of his clan. He resents the intrusion of the outlander who would peddle him clothes and religion, much as a society leader would resent similar intrusion by a representative from an east-side mission. For an outlander to talk "uplift" to the aristocratic mountain man is an insult to intelligence and decency. It is as if an evangelist should shout to the commander of a liner to come to the sailors' home and be saved. "It is a sailors' refuge; you are a sailor; therefore you must be saved." The pure-stock mountain man may be poor in material goods, but he does not therefore welcome crude charity; he still considers a donkey of his own better than a horse of another's.

No one welcomes facts, because they interfere with comfortable and established ideas. Our thinking is very likely to be upset by facts, so we shrink from them. So when we say that the first step toward understanding the southern highlander is to show him as he is, and not as the outlander would have him, we come flatly up against the outlander's distaste for being contradicted. He marshals all the things he has previously seen in print, and many "facts" that he has seen with "his own eyes" and brings them forth in disproof.

The reader of adventure stories likes his wild west to be very wild, and his mountain heroes to be concerned with thrilling escapes from the law, in feuds, revenges and brutal

love; the missionary spirits, on the other hand, insist that the objects of their zeal are not really bad at heart, but they must be worthy of uplift—which necessitates their being ignorant, squalid, ill-housed and worse fed. There is no zest in saving a contented and well-behaved citizen, and the writer who insists that uplift should be merciful rather than arbitrary has a long argument to make.

Outlanders come into the mountains bringing with them their own cultural and educational background and their own behavior patterns, and set busily to work to apply them to an entirely different scheme of life. They would impose these standards irrespective of local conditions, and leaving out of account the psychology of the people with whom they would deal.

An amusing parallel to popular belief concerning the mountain people is furnished by the highlander's own opinion of outlanders, which he gathers from newspapers and from moving pictures. He pities the city dweller, likely to be shot down any minute as he walks the streets; he sees in the news-reels ranks of citizens being mowed down without warning by machine guns when they try to get to work; women are not safe even in their own homes; folks marry and unmarry without any explaining whatever; money intrusted to officers of the law is run off with and no warning given; liquor is drunk too freely, and, what is more, men can't carry it without going simple; there's a heap too much money when folks are obliged to carry it around in armor-cars with soldiers and guns to guard it—owning all that, he concludes, must

be a weariness. Outland religion, the mountain man gathers, is not taken much stock in, and politics—well, that's a mess anywhere in the world. Take all with everything, he decides, a man's better off in his home place.



The religion of the mountain dweller is fatalism, but it is not the fatalism of folded hands and meek waiting for the will-be-that-will-be. It is a dynamic fatalism that, while putting its trust in God is yet careful to keep its powder dry. It plays the game of life with fate, in a combination of free will and foreordination that would puzzle modern psychologists sadly. It is well expressed in homely speech: "Life'll catch me at the last, but it'll catch me standing up. Hit can't do more'n get the best o' me, gin it does its worst!"

One of the terms most frequently heard in connection with southern highlanders is that they are pure Anglo-Saxon. Having said this much the protagonists rest the case. But sharp consequences arise from being Anglo-Saxon, and the question is by no means done with. This is no thesis for the superiority of the race—it is yet to be proved that any one race can definitely be classed above any other, rampant editorials to the contrary. As a matter of fact the original stock of the southern mountains was by no means pure. It was powerfully mixed. It happens that the survivors in the struggle with the wilderness were predominantly Anglo-Saxon, because it is a characteristic of that race to survive climatic difficulties and to refuse absorption into other races. They refused to intermarry

with the Indians, as the French and Spanish co-settlers did; they drove away the negro, because themselves having come to this country in search of freedom they had no use for slaves, and, being of the artisan class, they were not able to pay for labor.

Along with his directness and virility, the Anglo-Saxon has above all others the power of assimilation. He takes weaker racial strains to himself without apparently suffering any thinning down or dilution. It is for this reason that the mountain man speaks eighteenth century English instead of Pennsylvania Dutch, although the latter was, to begin with, the strongest language in the settlements. The mingled races that first inhabited the mountains have been merged into the dominant Saxon, who remains to-day fair-haired and blue-eyed and very much himself.

Freedom is his first insistence, and he has been so determined in this matter that he has rather overreached himself and has retained it only at the expense of isolation. The consequences of isolation are stagnation in development both cultural and economic. But stagnation at a worthy level is a very different thing from ignorance; and this is where the outlanders make their mistake. They fail to recognize that although the mountain man has a speech, a philosophy of life, and a culture that stopped in the eighteenth century—when first he came to the mountains—it is nevertheless a culture and he is a gentleman. They reckon also without his pride. There is a tough and sinewy forthrightness about the southern highlander that

is part of his heritage. He is not put about by the jeers of those who count themselves his intellectual superiors on the grounds of more modern and material knowledge. If he holds a belief it is because it is his belief, and he means to defend his property. He never holds a belief as the moderns do simply because every one else happens to hold it.

Prettiness, finesse and delicacy are all foreign to the mountain man's nature. Such as he may have had would, in the nature of things, have been of small service in his pioneering and homesteading life. But his native decency amply covers the lack. His direct speech is never rudeness, and he never need apologize for his words or deeds, because he says and does what he believes to be right. And "right" to him is a concrete fact, unencumbered by metaphysical and psychological connotations.

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The mountains are not yet safe for democracy. The spirit is uncompromisingly individualistic. The individual has his own life to live as best he can, and it is the solitary—the "lonely" man—who leads opinion and molds it in times of stress. "He who best tends his own affairs" is acknowledged head-leader of a settlement, and there is a strong feeling that democracy tends to level all individuals so as to prevent free initiative, and that thus a man is robbed of his need to be and do his best. "To think that all men are equal is to go against your own eyes seeing," he says. "All is, every man's got an even chance to be as big as he can."

The southern highlander has creative energy of thought and a vitality

of expression often startling to present-day circumlocution. He never offends, because he has an imperishable sense of humor, perspective and proportion. Whatever befall the mountain people to-day, the stuff of the stock is indestructible; the spirit will animate the race. If the people are scattered and taken up into the body of the nation, so much the better for the nation, for it is a gallant and chivalrous spirit.

The history of the populating of the southern highlands is as follows:

The early migrations were mainly Scotch-Irish, and some German, by way of Pennsylvania. These were the artisan class of the Old World, looking for a place where they might homestead and begin life again, secure in their religious and political freedom, asking nothing but peace and a life of congenial labor. But first they had to conquer the wilderness they entered, which was held with skill by the Indian, and was also greatly pestered with French-Indian wars, and by the variance between the different countries who were then claiming all the New World. From out the French, the settlers found some who knew more than they concerning the taking and holding of land, and consented to be led by such as Xavier. Further colonists came in—from Donegal, from Switzerland and from Suffolk—and as soon as the sharpest struggle was over each group took itself off to set up life in its own way. And these settlements may be found to this day, having little to do with one another, and a poor opinion of each other's ways. Up from Charleston a scattering of English came, chiefly of the Cavalier's cause, to add a dash

of aristocracy to the working classes trekking in from the north; but these were wastrel, and they suffered in the wilderness and did not subdue it.

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Languages struggled together in the early days, and presently merged for common use, till the speech to-day is basically eighteenth century English, Pennsylvania Dutch, a strain of Gaelic, a touch of Welsh here and there, with a spice of French to season all. The tongues had no sooner become one than they split up in dialects, so the mountain idiom varies from State to State. The three main dialects are Cumberland, Great Smoky and Blue Ridge, though there are puzzling variants in each of the mountain States.

Outlanders who are entertained with the quaint idiom of mountain speech are likely to overlook the fact that a people may only be understood through a knowledge of their own tongue. The assumption that the southern highlander speaks English, after his own fashion, is not altogether correct, because the influence of other tongues has confused the syntax to an astonishing degree. To take only one example, there is the case of the inverted negative, common in all three dialects. "I don't care for work," means "I like work—I don't mind working." And "I'd not care to drive a car," means "I am not afraid to—I'd like to drive a car." Yet outlanders who have lived years in the mountains are still taking these comments in their modern sense, and advertising that the mountain man is lazy and that he is shy of modern invention.

More than one lady missionary in the mountains has caused acute

embarrassment by saying to a bashful mountain boy at a party, "Come over and sit by me." This being the formal proposal of a marriage engagement, the unlucky lad hardly knows what to do. Similarly, the complaint, "I'm pointedly terrified of my old man," is nothing more than a wifely fret, for "terrified" means "aggravated by." Nevertheless this common phrase has lent its strength to the popular impression that mountain men are brutal to their womenfolk. But mountain women do not carry their marital woes to the outlander—if compelled to do so by actual abuse, the complainant would use the word "scunnered."

It would seem therefore that an elementary knowledge of the language is as necessary as an understanding of economic conditions.

An amazing fallacy concerning the southern mountain region is that its social conditions have remained static—that its population got somehow into the backwoods by devious routes and stuck there, motionless, until lately discovered by missionary enterprise and literary curiosity. The mountain families not only immigrated, but emigrated. Texas has drawn from the Kentucky hills, and the State of Oregon owes some of its population to east Tennessee. Families content to remain in the hill country sent out sons and grandsons to the further settlements.



This is not the place to go into the detail of economic conditions in the southern mountains. That is the ground for the social research worker; but he must tackle it in the same spirit that he is taking to other parts of the nation. He may not ride

into the mountains with his own religious formula and a stock of second-hand clothing for the "poor whites" (strange term, by the way, as there are no poor blacks) and attempt to uplift them by force of his own ideas. The modern missionary must be prepared to be a sociologist and economist, and he must be willing to "share the life of the people" in a new and quite scientific sense.

Economically, there are poor as well as good areas, politically, there are poor-stock as well as good-stock families; but the problems of educational means, poor soil, difficult transportation and lack of cultural contacts are not more acute in the mountains than in other rural districts. As a matter of fact many of the southern highlanders live at a higher standard than rural people in other parts of the country. They are far above the lowland "crackers" for instance. Again, there are others among the mountains who lack the common necessities of body and mind and who have no spiritual existence whatever. Their life is, to use a term in its exact sense, bestial—very much like that of the "poor whites" of loweast-side New York, for instance.

Then is there, after all, no mountain "problem"? Are we to be defrauded of our missionary field? Have our contributions gone astray? Surely not! But the mountain problem is a sociological one that in no way differs from similar problems the world over. Schemes to deal with isolation, depopulation, deterioration of racial stock, criminals, low educational standards, must be worked out on a State-wide basis and not empirically for each hidden cove as it is discovered.

WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

I was very much interested in the article in the November CENTURY, "Nigh On To Thirty" by Henry Morton Robinson. The inherent interest of the article lies in the parallel in the lives of every one of us either in actuality or in our thoughts. It taps a very great question which affects every young person. This, capped by the enthusiasm and wit of the author's style renders the story a gem indeed.

I look forward with interest to the next occasion when Mr. Robinson will express himself through your pages.

Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY M. OLNEY

White Plains, New York.

My dear Editor,

Mr. Robinson, author of "Nigh On To Thirty" in the November CENTURY is rather young yet and not very well seasoned. Don't let him be a prig or cynic, or rail about the "gentle sex" so pathetically. They are only just emerging from tools, conveniences, satisfactions for men; not yet beyond the goat stage in some ways. Their spiritual and mental transition from oversexed creatures to real human beings is a part of the process which he sees, but sees rather dimly. Male conceit and arrogance blinds many men who might become scholars could they but remove the beams from their eyes.

I am a Ph.D. My sister is an M.D. Sociology and medicine have helped us to understand a lot. When men quit their brutish selfishness and treat women fairly, this world will stiffen up—and clean up, then our dear little "moralist" will not want to confess about back streets. He is doing nicely. I really enjoyed his nice, boyish article. Such happy rebellion!

"A WOMAN"

My dear Editor,

Appreciation is due Dr. Arthur Hobson Quinn for his timely article, "What's Right With the

Colleges," in the October CENTURY. It is a fair analysis that should go far in compelling the destructive critics to guard more carefully their statements which for the last five years have been flaunted freely through all the magazines.

Cordially yours,
CHARLES REITELL

Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Editor,

For a long time I have wondered if anybody was aware that the educational system of the United States was all wrong—until Mr. Howard Vincent O'Brien in "The Road to Riches" voiced my opinion exactly.

The schools should tell us the story; that romance which may be entitled "Mankind and the Universe." They should tell us as near as they can, the meaning of the whole system. They should enable us to obtain a broad, intelligent, outlook and a helpful philosophy of life.

But instead of this we have four years of chemistry, four years of English, two years of this and four years of that. Physics is taught by problems, chemistry by reactions and formulas. The great romance, the story of physics or chemistry is neglected.

And when the young man leaves the school he can't put two and two together and have four. He can't think. He can compute the acceleration of gravity from the swing of a pendulum, but he does not grasp the great fact that all falling bodies great or small gain in speed thirty-two feet per second each second. He does not comprehend the great system that governs all matter.

But what can be done? To change our whole educational system is an all but impossible job.

Very truly yours,
WENDELL Y. SEVERSON
(A college sophomore)

Scranton, Pennsylvania.